

AMERICAN



BOOK

No. TWO

Zuchtman's Public School  
Music Course

FOR GRAMMAR GRADES.

KING-RICHARDSON PUBLISHING CO.  
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Public School Music Course.

Book Number Two,  
FOR GRAMMAR GRADES.



# THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM.

BY

FRIEDRICH ZUCHTMANN.



King-Richardson Publishing Co.,  
Springfield, Mass.

1897.



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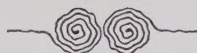
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## PREFACE.

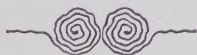
This book is for use in the Grammar Grades. The principles laid down in book No. 1 are reviewed in the first part of this book, pages 8-18, and we strongly urge the desirability of a thorough mastery of these principles before taking up the new studies.

In order to render a song with proper musical expression, the words must receive the necessary attention. Singing is but "musical elocution," therefore the principles of elocution should not be overlooked when a song is taken up for study. Each song should be made the subject for a language lesson.

When a new key is taken up for study, make use of songs in the same key for sight singing exercises.

Frequent reference to the principles and methods laid down in the Manuals accompanying the Charts will be found necessary and desirable.

THE AUTHOR.



# CONTENTS.

## THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM.

	PAGE		PAGE
Breathing.....	6	Key of F.....	26
Positions for Breathing.....	7	Key of D Minor.....	27
Sight Reading with Decisive Accent..	8	Key of D Major.....	28
Equivalent Notes and Rests, }		Song, Key of D Major.....	29
Daily Practice in Dynamics, }	9	Key of B Minor.....	30
Scale Practice.....	10	Key of B-Flat Major.....	31
Canons.....	11	Song, Key of B-Flat Major.....	32
Scale Continued Downwards.....	12	Key of G Minor.....	33
The Tie and Broken Chords.....	13	Key of A Major.....	34
Sixteenth Notes.....	14	Song, Key of A Major.....	35
Six Eight Time.....	15	Key of F-Sharp Minor.....	36
The Triplet... ..	16	Song, Key of F-Sharp Minor.....	37
Accidentals, or Tones Foreign to the		Key of E-Flat Major.....	38
Scale.....	17	Key of C Minor.....	39
Transposition of Scales.....	18	Song, Key of C Minor.....	40
Preparation for the Chromatic Scale.	19	Key of E Major.....	41
Enharmonics.....	20	Key of C-Sharp Minor.....	42
Relation of Tones, Major and Minor		Key of A-Flat Major.....	43
Scales.....	21	Key of F Minor.....	44
Preparation for the Minor Scales....	22	Key of B Major.....	45
Key of A Minor.....	23	Song, Key of B Major.....	46
The Key of G.....	24	Key of D-Flat Major.....	47
Key of E Minor.....	25	Choral, Key of D-Flat Major .....	48

## SONGS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Adorn with Wreaths.....	101	Christmas Song.....	149
American Hymn.....	160	Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.....	158
A Mighty Fortress is Our Lord.....	146	Come, Let us with Roses.....	103
At Twilight.....	49	Come, Wander.....	64
At the Close of School.....	49	Encouragement.....	62
Autumn.....	94	Evening Chimes.....	114
Autumn Song.....	95	Evening Song.....	115
A Wild Flower.....	102	Fish, Bird, and Bee.....	72
Boating.....	74	Forest Concert.....	110

	PAGE		PAGE
Forest Song.....	108	Summer .....	93
How Sweetly Smiles.....	61	Summer is Coming.....	92
How Short Here are Our Days of Trial.....	138	Sunday Morning.....	132
Help us, Lord, in all Our Living.....	147	Sun, Moon, and Stars.....	85
Hail ! the Morning.....	120	The Boy and the Bug.....	79
It Cannot Forever Remain So.....	86	The Blue Sky.....	118
I Love My Native Land.....	151	The Bugle.....	109
In the Moonlight.....	84	The Chapel .....	121
In the Boat.....	75	The Fox.....	69
In Heath and Forest.....	107	The Garden.....	98
I'm Lonely Never.....	63	The Geese.....	70
I Come Before Thy Glorious Eye.....	143	The Heart.....	123
I am, O Lord, in Thine Own Hand....	144	The Lily and the Roses.....	99
Joy.....	59	The Little Soldier.....	76
Jesus is My Hope, My All.....	137	The Lord's Day.....	133
Lullaby.....	116	The Moon.....	83
Longing for Home.....	53	The Nook.....	105
Lonely Woods, Farewell.....	112	The Rose.....	104
Life let us Cherish.....	73	The Shepherd.....	82
My Cottage.....	55	The Squirrel.....	68
My Country.....	154	The Star-Spangled Banner.....	156
My Home, Farewell.....	57	The Stork.....	71
My Neighbor.....	54	The Sun Awakes.....	117
My Soul's True Friend.....	141	The Village Bell.....	113
New-Born Joy.....	58	The Warrior's Cloak.....	126
Now Shady Night Descendeth.....	150	The White Stag.....	127
O Christ, Beloved Holy One.....	140	The World.....	66
Of Leaves and of Violets.....	100	Things we Love.....	88
O God, Our Steadfast Lord.....	142	To My Home Vale.....	56
O Lord, Our God.....	136	To Arms.....	153
On the Mountains.....	67	Three Horsemen.....	125
Our Native Land.....	162	Thus We're Closing, Lord.....	148
Our Own Free Land.....	155	" Waken Ye," the Voice is Calling..	139
Patriotic March.....	152	Wanderer's Song.....	65
Play .....	80	Watchman's Song.....	87
Praise of Fidelity .....	124	What God Performs is Ever Well....	145
Prayer.....	52	What Joy to be Where Singers are..	60
Prayer.....	50	When in Happy, Merry Carols.....	81
See the Brooklet Flowing.....	106	Winter's Evening.....	97
Snow-Drops .....	96	With Bow and Arrow.....	78
Song of the Months.....	90	With the Lord.....	51
Spring Song.....	89	Wisdom and Virtue.....	122
Spring Greeting.....	89	Winter's Joy.....	52

## BREATHING.

The teacher will instruct the pupils to inhale and expel the breath through the nostrils in a steady, quiet manner. All rigidity of muscles to be avoided.

Exercise 1.	INHALING.	RETAINING.	EXHALING.
	1 2 3	1	1 2 3
	1 2 3	1 2	1 2 3
	1 2 3	1 2 3	1 2 3
Exercise 2.	INHALING.	RETAINING.	EXHALING.
	1 2 3	1	1 2 3 4 5
	1 2	1	1 2 3 4 5 6
	1	1	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
	*1	1	ä . . . . .

\* When practicing the last division of Exercise 2, vocalize the breath, when exhaling, singing the vowel sound ä very softly, while teacher counts seven slowly.

For further instructions, see Manual.

BREATHING.



**COSTAL BREATHING**

Practice  
The Breathing Exercises  
daily.



**DORSAL BREATHING**



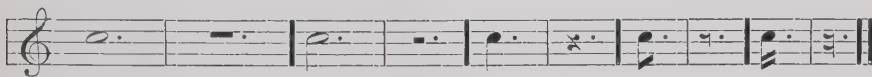
**COSTAL, DORSAL,  
AND  
ABDOMINAL BREATHING.**



## SIGHT READING WITH DECISIVE ACCENT.

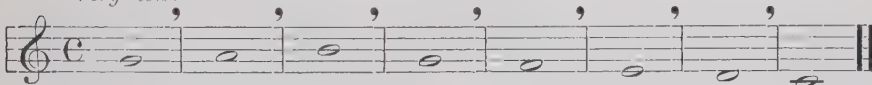
Ten staves of musical notation, each featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The staves are organized into five pairs, each with a time signature change indicated by a double bar line. The time signatures for the pairs are: (2/4, 3/4), (3/4, 2/4), (4/4, 3/4), (2/4, 3/4), and (3/4, 4/4). The notation includes quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. Accents (marked with a 'v' below the note) are placed on specific notes in many measures. Some measures end with a double bar line and a repeat sign (two dots). The exercises are designed to test sight-reading skills with varying rhythmic patterns and time signatures.

## EQUIVALENT NOTES AND RESTS.



## DAILY PRACTICE IN DYNAMICS.

Teacher beating strict time.

*Very slow.*

<i>pp</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>p</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>mf</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>f</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>pp</i> < <i>p</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>p</i> > <i>pp</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>p</i> < <i>f</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>f</i> > <i>p</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
<i>p</i> < <i>f</i> > <i>p</i> la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la

Use syllables lō and lōō occasionally.

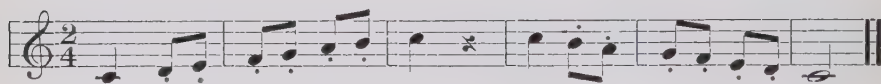
## SCALE PRACTICE.



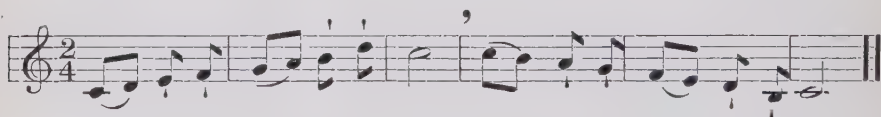
ä . . . . . ä . . . . .  
 ö . . . . . ö . . . . .  
 öö . . . . . öö . . . . .



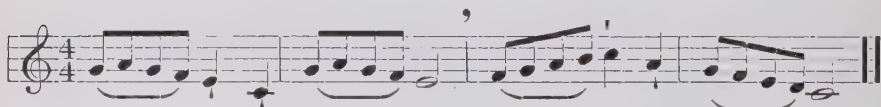
lä . . . . . la . . . . .  
 lö . . . . . lö . . . . .  
 löö . . . . . löö . . . . .



On the clear moun-tain top I stand Where skies se - rene o'er-reach the land.

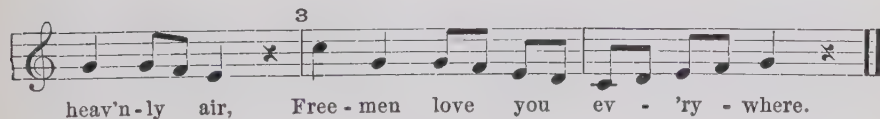
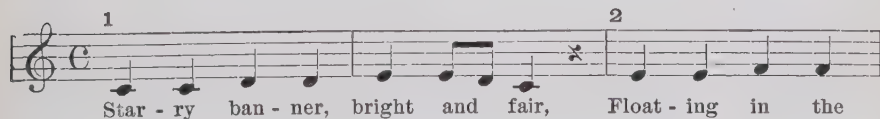
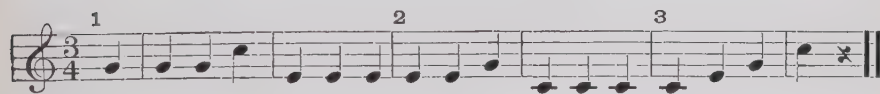
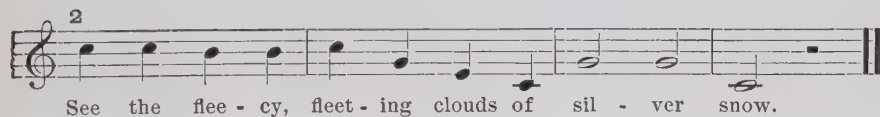
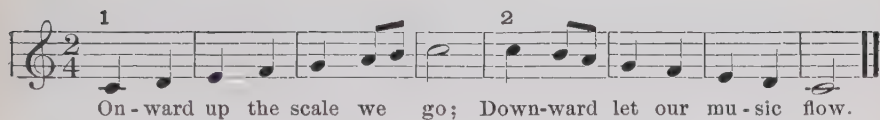


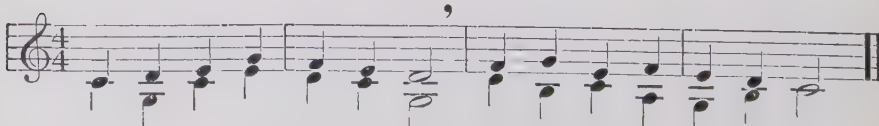
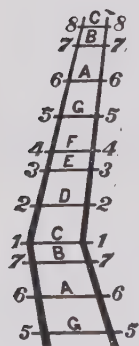
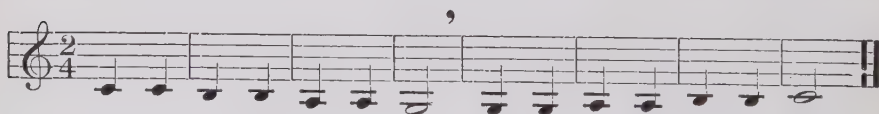
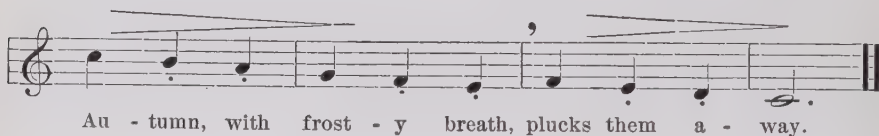
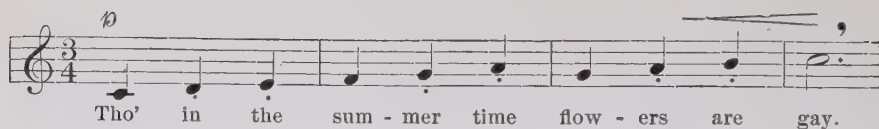
On - ward we hie to the school, Where joy and glad - ness doth rule.



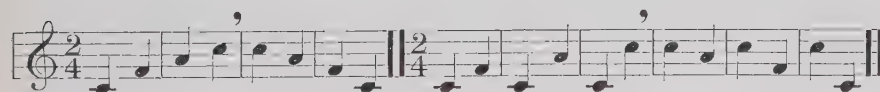
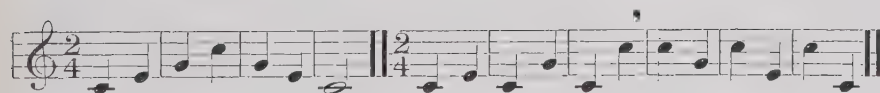
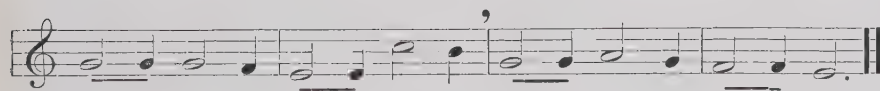
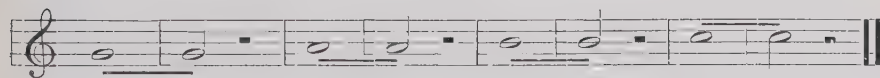
When sum-mer day dies. Fade cloud-lets from skies.

## CANONS.











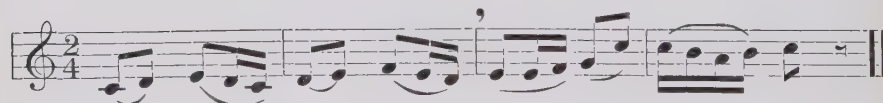
Up in the morning we ear-ly a-rise, Up with the sun as he mounts to the skies,



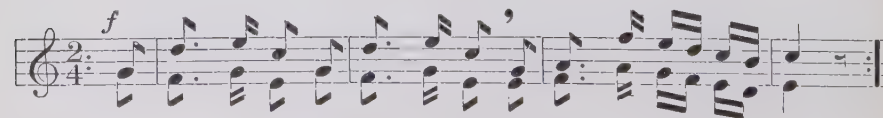
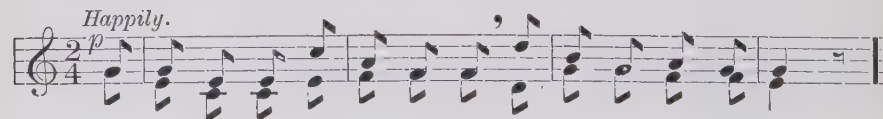
Heart-i - ly, mer-ri - ly, cheeri - ly, oh! Rap - id-ly, read - i - ly, stead-i - ly, go.



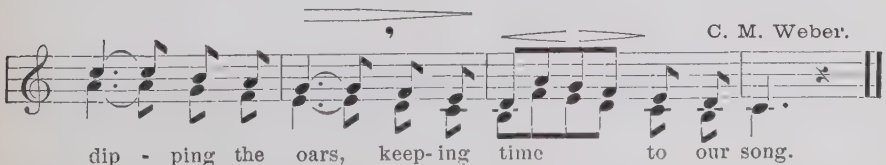
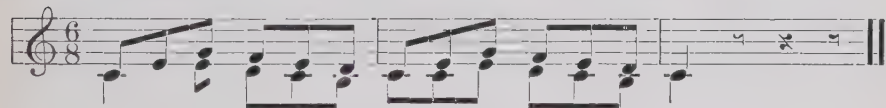
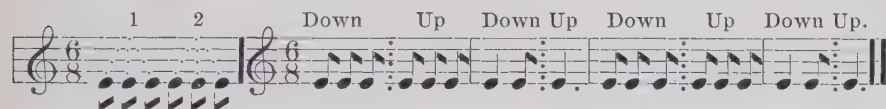
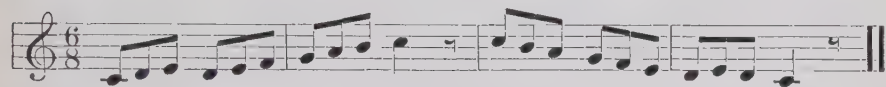
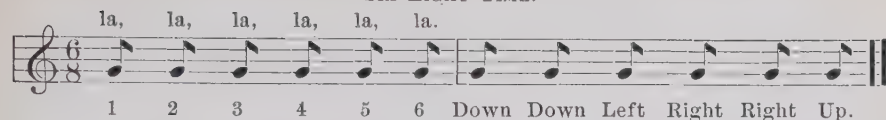
Lights a - long the shore! Sail - or ply the oar.



Glo - ry, hon - or, To my coun - try.

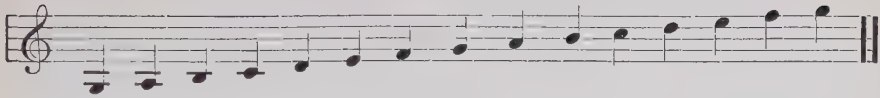


## SIX EIGHT TIME.



## THE TRIPLET.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of five staves. The first three staves feature a single melodic line with eighth-note triplets, each marked with a bracket and the number '3'. The first staff has two measures of rests, followed by six measures of triplets, and ends with a double bar line. The second staff has a measure of rest, followed by six measures of triplets, and ends with a double bar line. The third staff has a measure of rest, followed by six measures of triplets, and ends with a double bar line. The fourth and fifth staves feature a two-part setting of the triplet, with the upper part in the treble clef and the lower part in the bass clef. Each part has a bracket and the number '3' above it. The fourth staff has a measure of rest, followed by two measures of the two-part triplet, a measure of rest, and two more measures of the two-part triplet, ending with a double bar line. The fifth staff has a measure of rest, followed by two measures of the two-part triplet, a measure of rest, and two more measures of the two-part triplet, ending with a double bar line.



ACCIDENTALS OR TONES FOREIGN TO THE SCALE.



The image displays a guitar fretboard diagram and a corresponding musical score. The fretboard diagram on the left shows frets 1 through 7 and strings 1 through 6. Notes are labeled with letters (A, B, C, D, E, F, G) and accidentals (flat, sharp). The musical score consists of five staves, each with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are written in a sequence that corresponds to the fretboard diagram, with various accidentals and note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) used to represent the fretted notes.



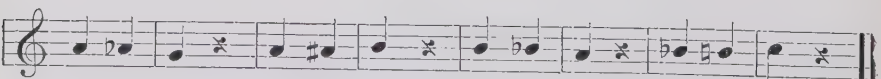
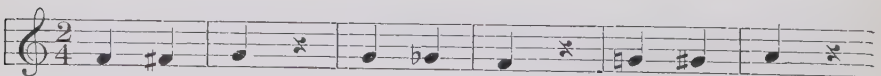
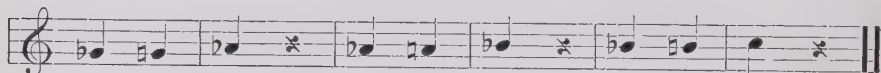
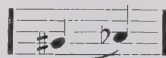


### PREPARATION FOR THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

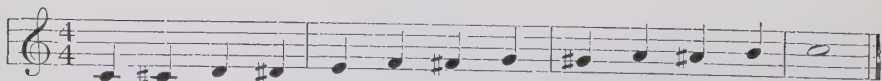
The image shows a page of musical notation for the song "The Rose Tree". The music is written in 2/4 time and G major. The notation consists of six staves. The first five staves are in treble clef, and the sixth staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The first five staves end with a double bar line and repeat sign. The sixth staff continues the melody.

## PREPARATION FOR THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

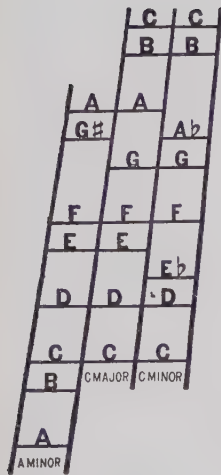
## ENHARMONICS.



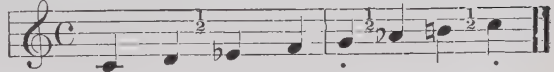
## CHROMATIC SCALE.



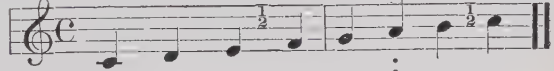
## RELATION OF TONES, MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.



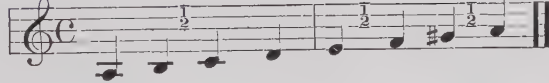
C MINOR.



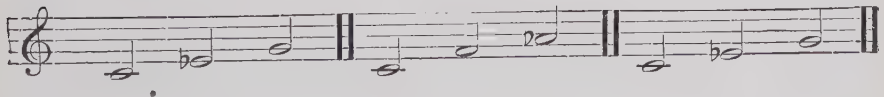
C MAJOR.



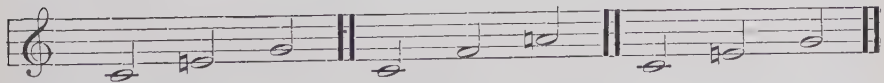
A MINOR.



C MINOR.



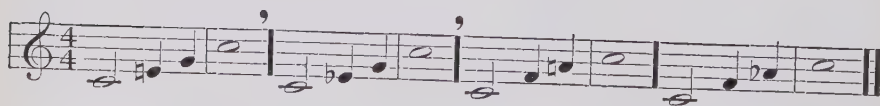
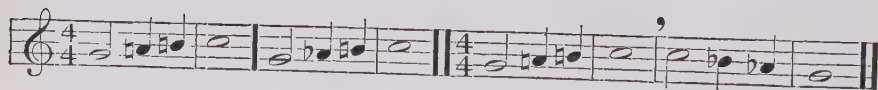
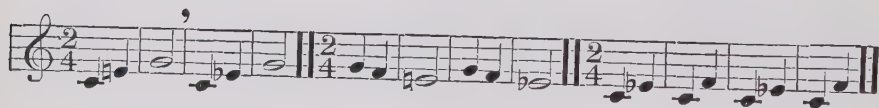
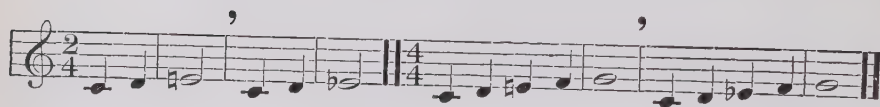
C MAJOR.



A MINOR.

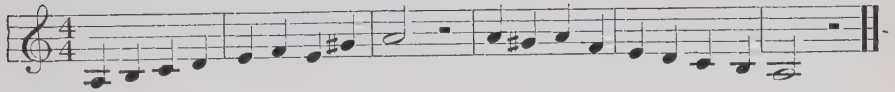
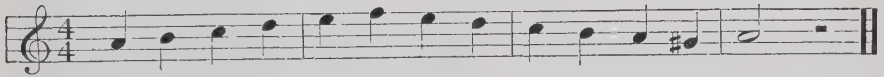


## PREPARATION FOR THE MINOR SCALES.

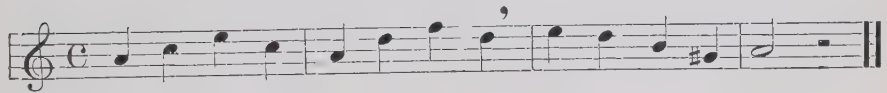




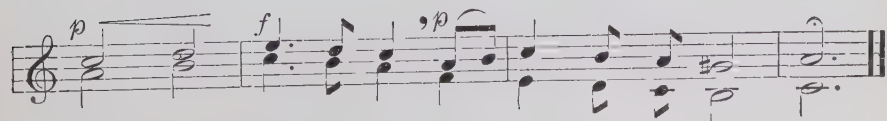
### KEY OF A MINOR.



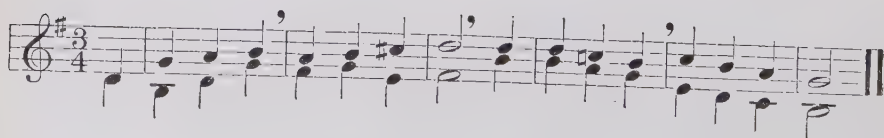
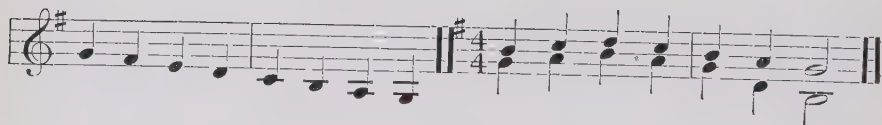
CHORDS.



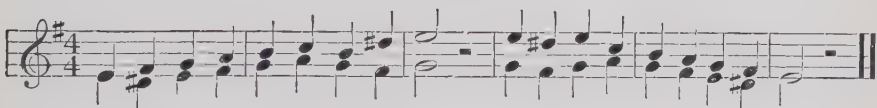
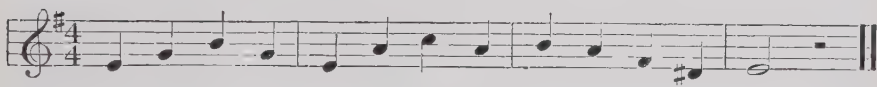
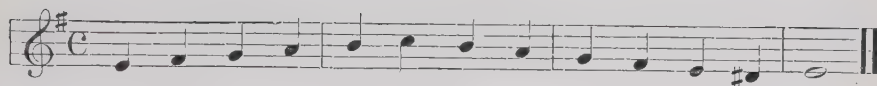
## Mendelssohn.



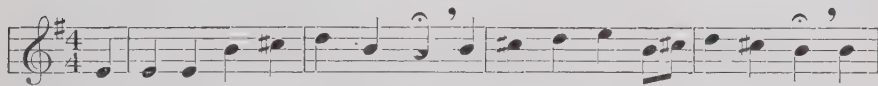
## THE KEY OF G.



## KEY OF E MINOR.



## CHORAL.



O Thou, in whom all hearts re-joice, In praise and thanks now hear my voice ; Do



Thou, whose pow'r fills time and space, Fill all our hearts with love and grace e - ter - nal - ly.

## KEY OF F.

Seven staves of musical notation in the Key of F. The first two staves are in 2/4 time, the third is in common time (C), and the remaining four are in 4/4 time. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines, with some notes marked with an accent (').

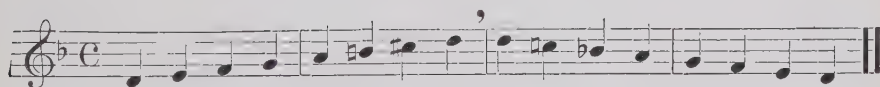
## CHORDS.

Two staves of musical notation for chords. The first staff is in common time (C) and the second is in 6/8 time. Both staves show chord progressions with various note values and bar lines.

KEY OF D MINOR.



MELODIC SCALE.



CHORDS.

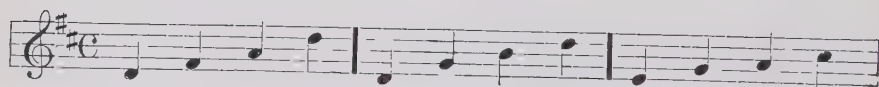


Oft I wan - der where, a stran - ger, No sweet voice of friend is



near, Then my heart is filled with rap-ture, When, dear home, thy name I hear.

## KEY OF D MAJOR.

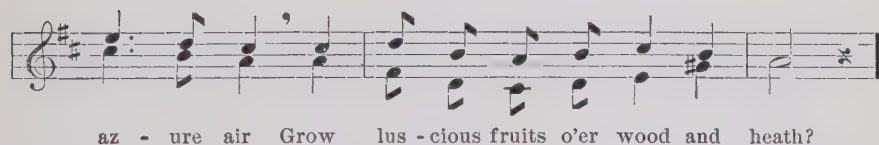




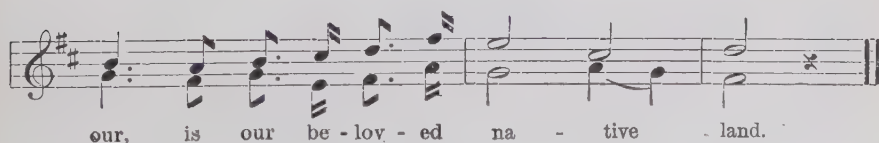
## KEY OF D MAJOR.

Solo.

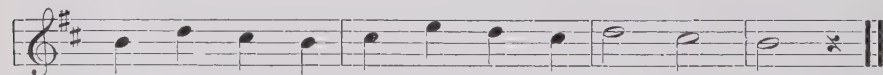
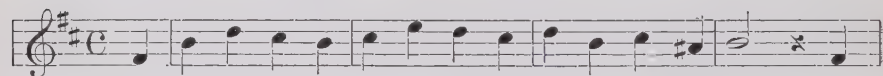
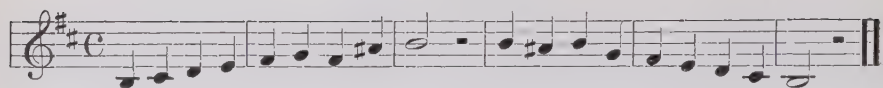
, Lauer.



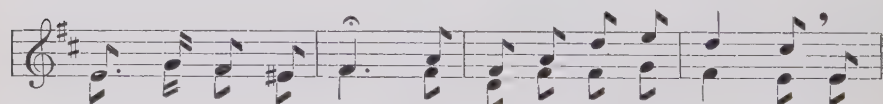
CHORUS.



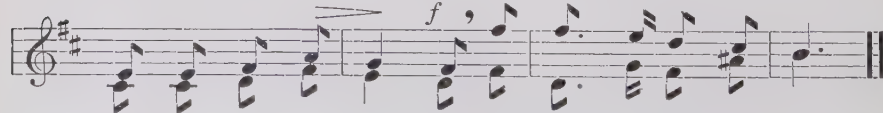
## KEY OF B MINOR.



Thy path I vain - ly wan - der, Thy scenes I long-ing pon - der, All

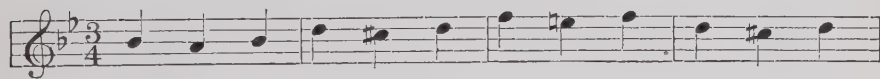
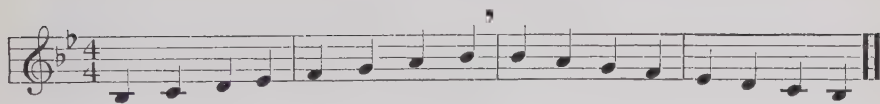


seem so strange to me; My childhood's home has van - ished, My



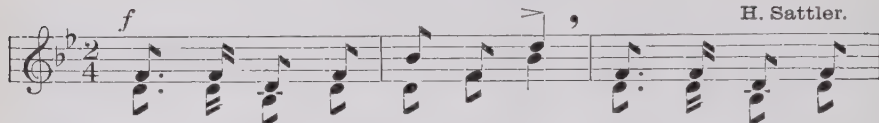
heart's true rest is ban - ished, For on - ly change I see.

## KEY OF B-FLAT MAJOR.



## KEY OF B-FLAT MAJOR.

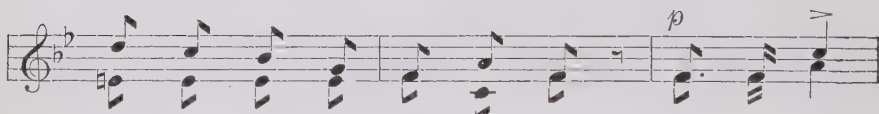
H. Sattler.



1. Up ye chil - dren bright and free, Take your staffs and  
 2. Sun - shine and the wood - land air Make sweet spring-time



fol - low me; Wan - der forth in hap - py mood,  
 seem so fair; Leaf - y trees and fra - grant flow'rs



Gai - ly through the vale and wood. Tra la la,  
 All will give you hap - py hours. Tra la la,

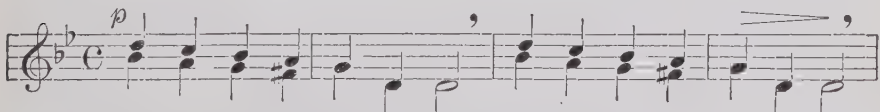
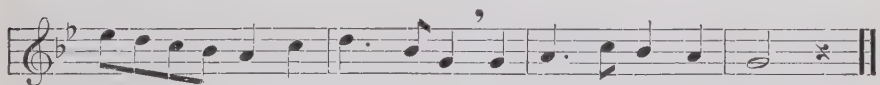
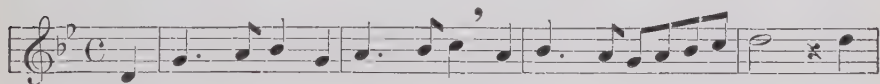
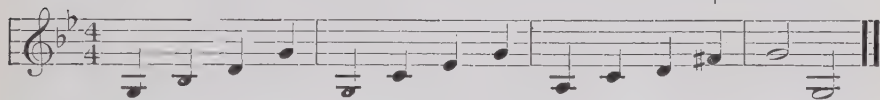
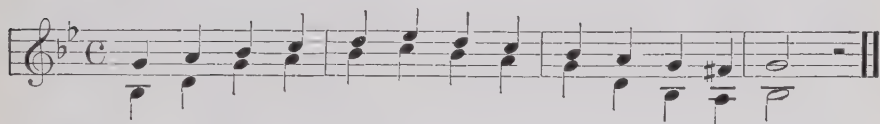
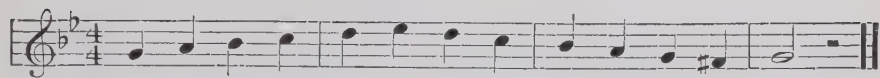


tra la la, Tra la la la la, . .

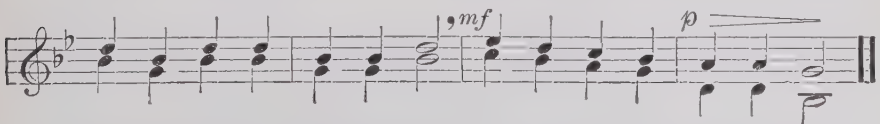


Tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la la la.

## KEY OF G MINOR.



1. Where the wav - ing grass - es sweep, Where the sweet red ro - ses bloom,  
2. Storm may lash the o - cean wild, Gales may rend the for - est deep,

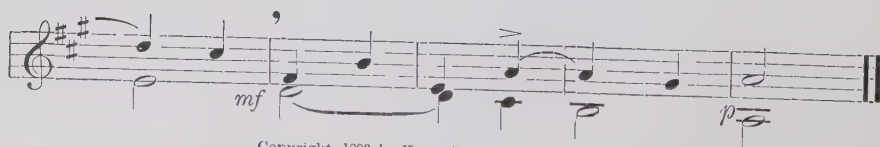
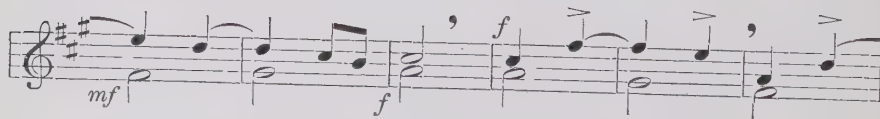
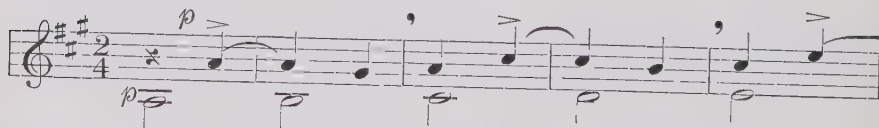
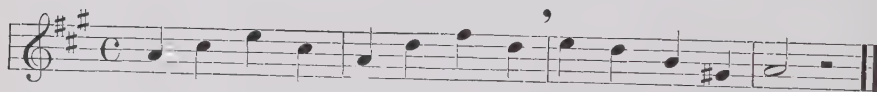


Where the wood - bine ten-drils creep, There should be a lov'd one's tomb.  
O'er the tomb where lov'd one's sleep, Flow - ers bloom in sun - shine mild.

## KEY OF A MAJOR.



## CHORDS.



## KEY OF A MAJOR.

F. Silcher.

*Moderate.*

O how beau - ti - ful, is our love - ly  
O how beau - ti - ful,

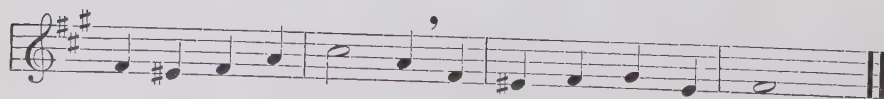
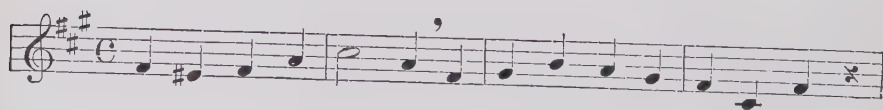
school! Ev - 'ry mo - ment joy, . . . . .  
is our love - ly school! Ev - 'ry mo - ment

joy, there we truth may find; . .

Noth - ing can an - noy, care we leave be - hind.



## KEY OF F-SHARP MINOR.



## KEY OF F-SHARP MINOR.



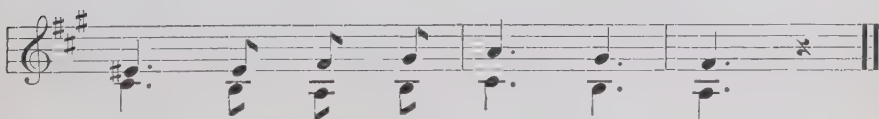
1. I am a lit - tle ow - let, O whith - er shall I  
 2. Bad news I'm e'er fore - tell - ing, They say, and threat - en



fly?  
 me, All night I am so lone - ly, And  
 My hur - ried flight com - pell - ing Where



fright - ful things go by; They make me fly so ma - ny  
 ev - er I may flee; I proph - e - sy through-out the



ways, Mourn - ful my nights and days.  
 earth, But all in mirth, in mirth.

## KEY OF E-FLAT MAJOR.

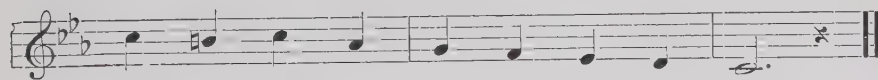
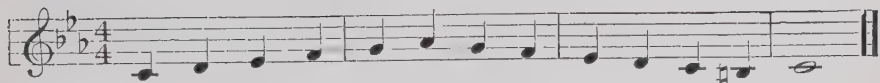
Peace - ful, si - lent, hap - py hour,

O'er me throw thy spells of power,

In the woods the birds at rest,

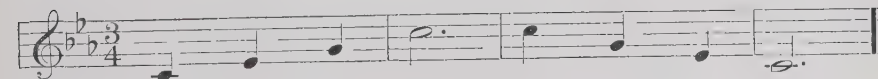
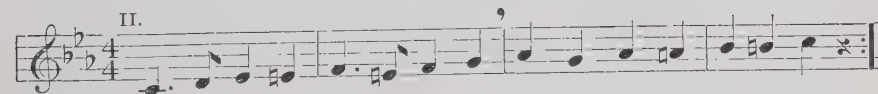
Gen - tly rock . . . me on thy breast.

## KEY OF C MINOR.



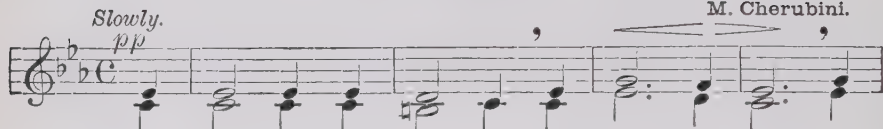
## ROUND, TWO PARTS.

L. Mason.



## KEY OF C MINOR.

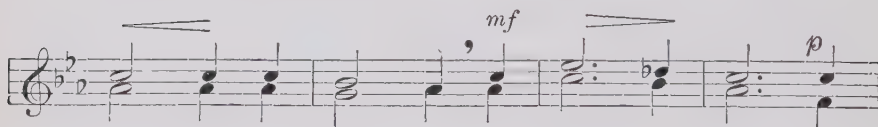
M. Cherubini.



1. I know a thatched cot - tage be - neath the hill, With  
2. I know a great man - sion that stands near by, O'er-



vine - cov - ered ar - bor and bab - bling rill, Where  
look - ing the val - ley from hill on high, There

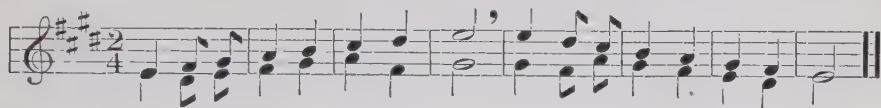
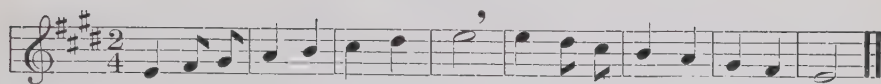


flow - er's sweet fra - grance per - fume the air, And  
too - is con - tent - ment found ev - 'ry where, For

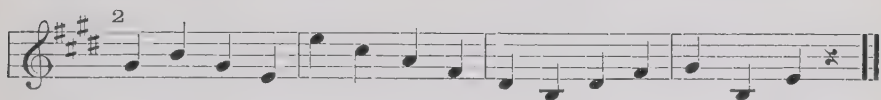
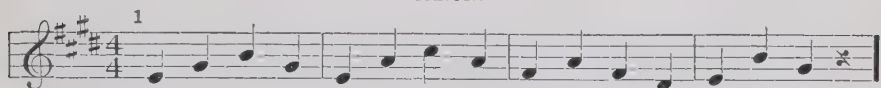


home and its bless - ings are there, are there.  
home and its bless - ings are there, are there.

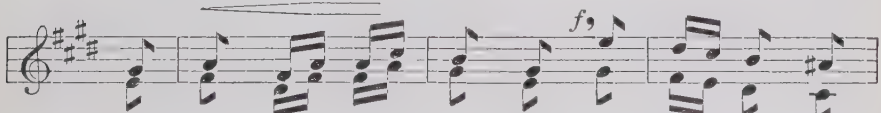
## KEY OF E MAJOR.



## CANON.

*Cheerfully.**mf*

The bright ros - y morn - ing peeps o - ver the hills,



With blush - es a - dorn - ing the mead - ows and

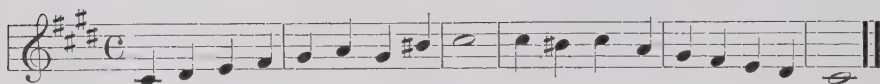


fields, A - wake from your slum - bers, and hail the new - day,



For dark - ness and storm clouds have all fled a - way.

## KEY OF C-SHARP MINOR.



## CHORAL.

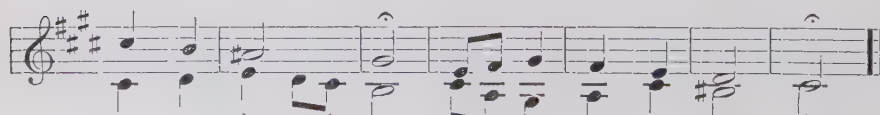
Arranged by Victor Janser.



{ Childlike, I implore Thee, Pray'rful I a - dore Thee, O my God on high. }  
 { Thankful, my heart longeth, Thee, to whom belong-eth E'er to glo - ri - fy }



Thee whose eye was ev - er nigh, While the night so



dark and gloom - y, Held its ter - rors o'er me.



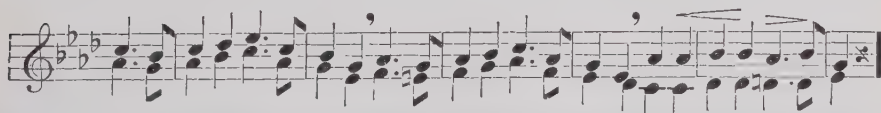
## KEY OF A-FLAT MAJOR

*Soft and tenderly.*

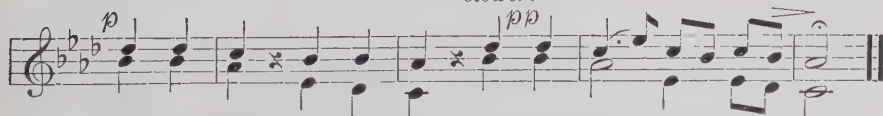
Mozart.



1. Now good-night, now good-night, now good-night till morn-ing light.
2. Now good-night, now good-night, now good-night till morn-ing light.

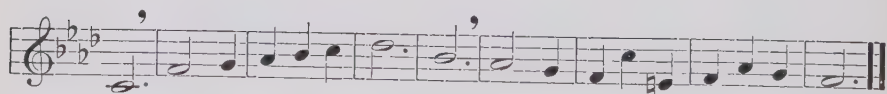
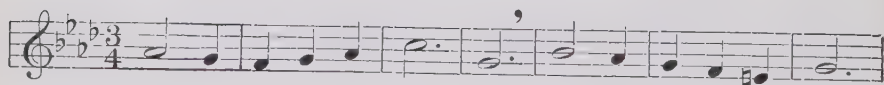
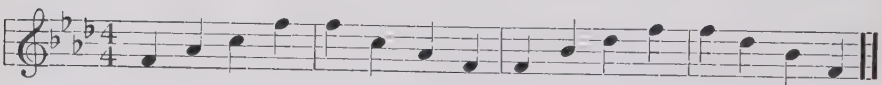
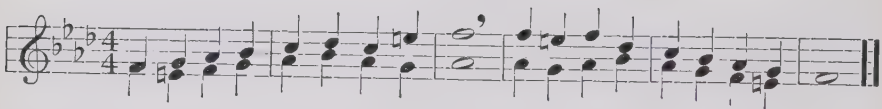
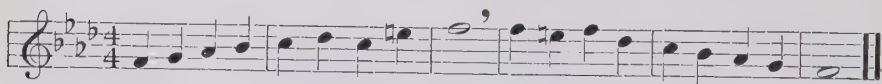


Happy all our la-bor ending, With the shades of eve descending, Let us stay to sing good-night :  
 Friendship's purest wish attending, And with hearts and voices blending, Let us stay to sing good-night :

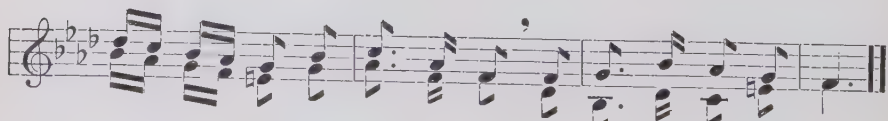
*slower.*

Now good-night, now good-night, now good-night, now good - night.  
 Now good-night, now good-night, now good-night, now good - night.

## KEY OF F MINOR.



O flow-ers fair, O flow - ers rare, Your va - ried colors show A -

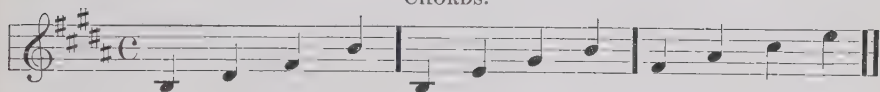


bout our cot - tage ev - 'ry-where, Thro' sum - mer's fer - vent glow.

## KEY OF B MAJOR.

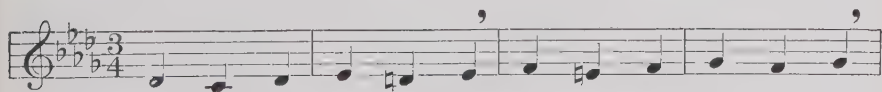
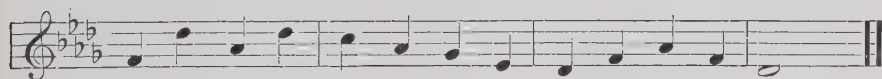


## CHORDS.





## KEY OF D-FLAT MAJOR.



## KEY OF D-FLAT MAJOR.

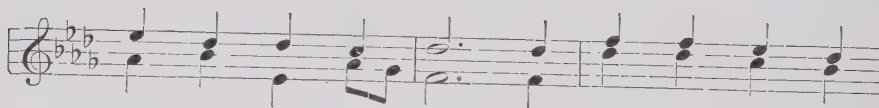
## CHORAL.



Who knows, O Lord, Thy be - ing? Who has Thy light come



near? Whom lead - ing, none are see - ing, This



thought fills me with fear. Un - ty - ing what man



bind - eth— O'er throw - ing what we build, No man the



rea - son find - eth— To Thee must all things yield.

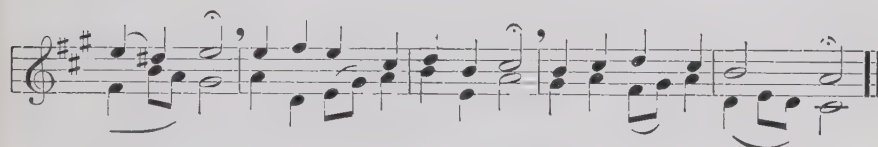
## No. 1.

## AT TWILIGHT.

Words by R. STEVENSON.



When the gold - en day is done, Through the clos - ing



por - tal; Child and gar-den, flower and sun, Van-ish all things mor - tal.

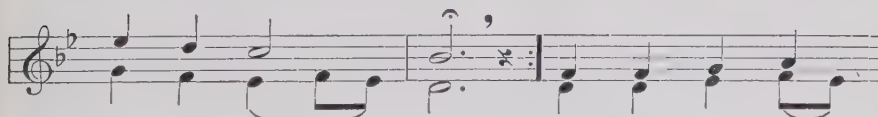
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## No. 2.

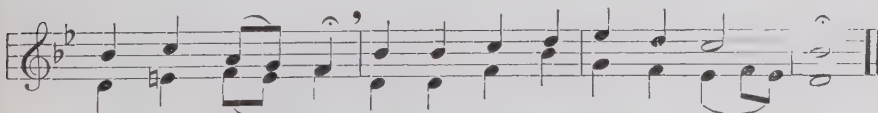
## AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.



1. { Now we close with thanks to Thee, Fa - ther, for our  
We by sweet ac - tiv - i - ty Wis - dom gain in



dai - ly les - - sons; } Help, that ev - er . .  
ev - 'ry ses - - sion, }



glad and will - ing, We all tasks may be ful - fill - ing.

Copyright, 1893, by KING, RICHARDSON &amp; Co.



## No. 3.

## PRAYER.

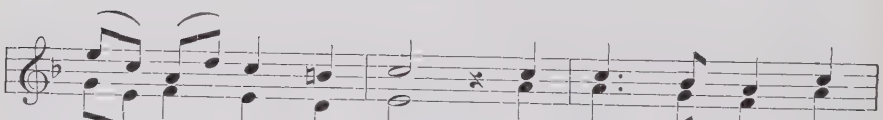
F. Hurka.



1. More glo - rious than all crea-tures, Lord o - ver death and  
 2. Thy grace my toil - ing bless-es, And win - neth praise from



time, None e'er hath scanned Thy fea - tures, Ap -  
 me: If Thou with - hold suc - cess - es E'en



pall - ing and sub - lime. Hear me to Thee ap -  
 then I will praise thee: Thy will per - mits my



peal - ing, And hear my praise - ful song, And,  
 liv - ing, For which I praise Thy might; Be



when be - fore Thee kneeling, Thy praise I still pro - long.  
 gra - cious and for - giv - ing, When called in - to Thy sight.

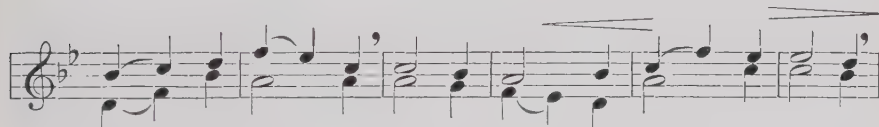
## No. 4.

## WITH THE LORD.

Grobe.



1. With the Lord all things be - gin. Like a child in  
 2. With the Lord all works be - gin. Those who trust in  
 3. With the Lord all things be - gin. To thy strength His



Him a - bid - ing, Nev - er in thy strength con - fid - ing;  
 Him, un - fail - ing, Nev - er can for help be wail - ing;  
 cour - age lend - ing, He suc - cess is ev - er send - ing,



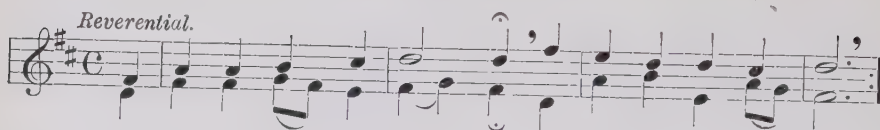
Hum - ble - ness wards off all sin. With the Lord all  
 They who keep with - in His path Will not feel His  
 If o - be - dient thou hast been, And re - gret - ful



things be - gin! With the Lord all things be - gin.  
 frown or wrath. With the Lord all works be - gin.  
 for thy sin. With the Lord all things be - gin.

## No. 5.

## PRAYER.



1. { Let me be Thine for ev - er, O migh - ty God and Lord,  
Let me be faith-less nev - er; Guide me by Thy true word. }



Oh, do not let me wa - ver, Grant me fi - del - i -



ty, And I will praise Thee ev - er, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

## No. 6.

## WINTER'S JOY.



1. Come, chil-dren, let our mirth thus show How came grim Win - ter's  
2. The snow - birds chirp with mer - ry voice In tar - dy sun of  
3. As soon as lei - sure time has come, To skate we'll sal - ly  
4. Yes, ev - er fair is God's own world, And rich to give us



touch; 'T is freezing now and soon will snow! 'T will please us, ver - y much!  
morn; And fun it is to health-y boys, To talk of cold, they scorn!  
forth, And o'er the lake we'll swift-ly roam On winds from frig-id North.  
joy; Let care on winter's winds be hurled, And all that can an-oy.

## No. 7.

## LONGING FOR HOME.

G. A. Noack.



1. When in - to dis - tance from moun-tains I peer,  
 2. Wak - ing re - mem - brance of bliss long a - go,



- Long - ing I feel, for my home ev - er dear,  
 'Gain to my eyes still the tear - drops will flow,



- Long - ing I feel, for my home ev - er dear,  
 'Gain to my eyes still the tear - drops will flow.

3 In morning's splendor when song rings in grove,  
 ||: Then passionate longings my weary heart move. :||

4 Oft in my slumb'ring, when earth draws the dew,  
 ||: Dreams then my tired soul, my old home, of you. :||

5 Waking, they're vanished, — both bliss and sweet home —  
 ||: Back to the groves still my sad thoughts will roam. :||

## No. 8.

## MY NEIGHBOR.

*Beseechingly.*

Noack.



1. Will you lend me your lan - tern, kind neigh - bor, to -  
 2. I will lend you my lan - tern, dear neigh - bor, to -



night? For the sky is o'er - cloud - ed, no star giv - eth  
 night. And will go with you glad - ly, in dark - ness or



light. My lamb - kin has strayed from the shep - herd to -  
 light. To - geth - er we'll fol - low the lamb - kin a -



day, And I go to find the dear lamb-kin a - stray.  
 stray, And, neigh - bor with neigh - bor, will find him ere day.



## No. 10.

TO MY HOME VALE.

Reissiger.

SOLO.

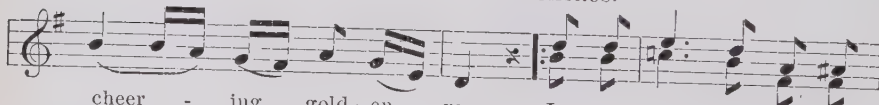


1. To my home vale now re - turn - ing, Would I fly this summer's  
2. When I see thy dear fields green - ing, And thine own blue mountains'  
3. Ah! how cold, and strange and heart - less All this hur - rying world to  
4. And in heav - en, Fa - ther kind - est, To my yearn - ing heart once

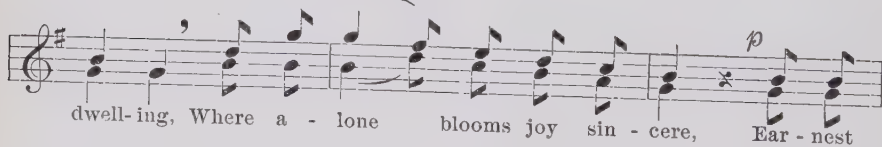


day, For there beam - eth, no clouds low'r-ing, Sun's most  
height, Then my heart, fond mem - 'ry glean - ing, Longs for  
me! There were chil - dren, smil - ing, art - less; In my  
more, Home, to which my soul thou bind - est, Thou wilt

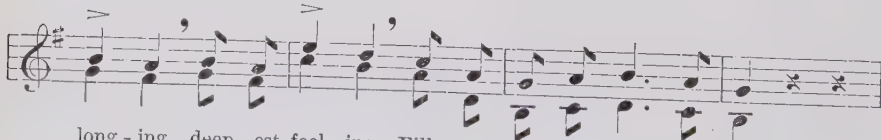
CHORUS.



cheer - ing, gold - en ray. In my home - vale, pure love's  
all thy haunts so bright.  
home I'd ev - er be.  
with its joys re - store.

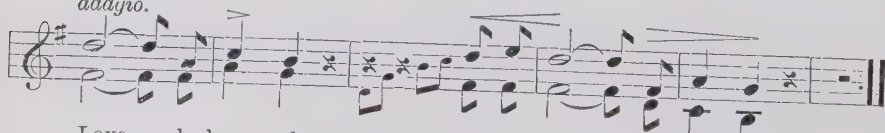


dwel - ing, Where a - lone      blooms joy sin - cere,      Ear - nest



long - ing, deep - est feel - ing, Fills my heart for thee so dear,

*adayio.*



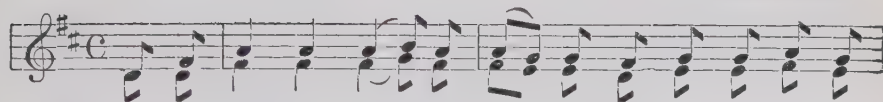
Love - ly home vale, Love-ly, love - ly home vale.



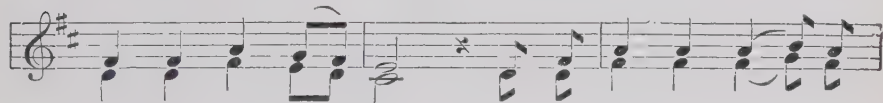
## No. 11

## MY HOME, FAREWELL.

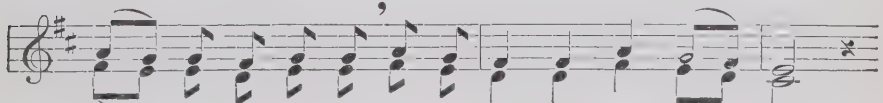
Schles. Popular Tune.



1. O my home so dear, my sad tears are fall - ing, When I
2. Fare thee well, bright ros - es sweet, fresh - ly blow - ing, And my
3. Fare thee well, thou fields now flow'r - ing in bean - ty, And thy
4. Treading once more now thy path - ways so charm - ing, O'er each



think how soon we part; Hark! the hour has come, my  
 flow - ers all, so dear; From my gar - den far a -  
 ver - dure deep and rare; All ye bush - es, ar - bors,  
 hill and dale I fly; May no stranger's hand thee



fa - ther is call - ing, From this land we now must start.  
 way I am go - ing, Where sweet o - dors may not cheer.  
 rills, 'tis my du - ty Now to roam—I know not where.  
 ruth - less - ly harm - ing, When I've said my last good - bye.



From my home - land I must part, With a sad, ach - ing heart; Then fare -  
 Dear - est flow - ers, weep with me; Part - ing day this must be; Then fare -  
 Vale and height, se - clud - ed glen, I shall see ne'er a - gain; Then fare -  
 Must my heart be ev - er sore, If I see thee nev - er more? Then fare -

## CHORUS.



well, then fare thee well. From my homeland I must part With a



sad and ach - ing heart, Then fare well, then fare thee well.

## No. 12.

## NEW-BORN JOY.

Mozart.

*Happily.*

1. New-born joy the fields are bring-ing, Flow-ers fra-grant  
 2. All a-round cre-a-tion prov-eth The Cre-a-tor's  
 3. Now a-mong Thy crea-tures' num-bers, We would praise Thy

ev-'ry-where; Ev-'ry morn the larks are sing-ing;  
 kind-ly heart; For His chil-dren, whom He lov-eth,  
 name a-lone; With no care or dan-ger cum-bered,

Eve, the night-in-gale its air. When the sun's bright  
 All His power and all His art. O what life and  
 We but let Thy will be done. Fa-ther, Thee we

ray is gleam-ing, Gold-en-rim'd the white clouds low'r;  
 won-drous beau-ty, Doth pre-vail in wood-ing and field;  
 of-fer prais-es, As Thy chil-dren fond and true;

Mid lux-u-riant fo-liage teem-ing, Grows the ap-ple  
 Chang-ing now our strife and du-ty, Prais-ing Him who  
 Ho-ly Spir-it, mine up-rai-es When Thy will I

tree's sweet flower, Grows the ap-ple tree's sweet flower.  
 worlds doth wield, Prais-ing Him who worlds doth wield.  
 faith-ful do, When Thy will I faith-ful do.



# WHAT JOY TO BE WHERE SINGERS ARE.

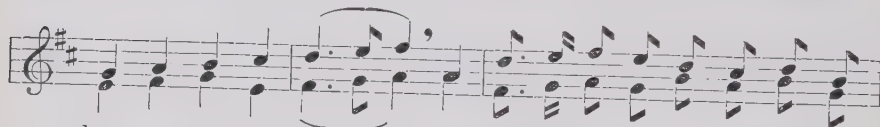
No. 14.

SOLO.

G. A. Noack



1. What joy to be where sing-ers gay are dwell - ing, For dear - er
2. What joy to be where sing-ers gay are dwell - ing, More joy - ous
3. What joy to be where sing-ers gay are dwell - ing, With mag - ic
4. What joy to be where sing-ers gay are dwell - ing, For fair - er



home no mor - tals know . . . There hap - py im - pulse all their hearts are  
 no - where can it be . . . There mirth and song enchant - ing bliss are  
 art they breathe their song ; . . . No som - bre tho't of care or woe com -  
 no - where can it be . . . The tide of days to years its flood is

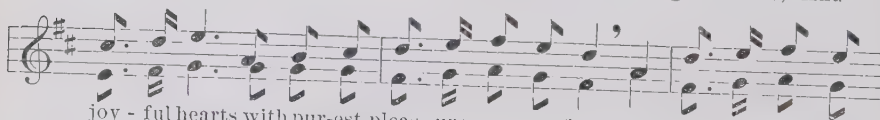


swell - ing, And firm - est friend - ship's fer - vent glow.  
 tell - ing, Heart beats with heart in har - mo - ny.  
 pell - ing, Their day of joy glides free a - long.  
 swell - ing, Nor chang - es hearts so light and free.

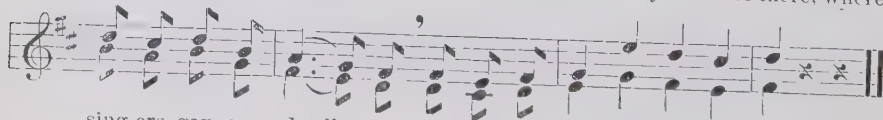
CHORUS.



The sing - ers know where beau - teous flow - ers, fra - grant blow, And



joy - ful hearts with pur - est pleas - ure o - ver - flow ; Joy must be there, where



sing - ers gay are dwell - ing, For dear - er home no mor - tals know.

## No. 15.

## HOW SWEETLY SMILES.

C. M. V. Weber.

SOLO.

*Not too slow.*

- |      |       |            |                 |             |       |       |
|------|-------|------------|-----------------|-------------|-------|-------|
| 1. { | How   | sweet - ly | smiles to       | youth - ful | soul  | The   |
| 2. { | The   | days.      | so swift - ly   | on - ward   | roll  | The   |
|      | The   | pulse      | beats fast, the | crim - son  | flood | Flows |
|      | Great | cour - age | gives, a        | mer - ry    | mood, | And   |



- |                   |             |                |             |
|-------------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|
| glow - ing        | beams of    | } mor - row!   | sor - row!  |
| heart knows       | not of      |                |             |
| on; the           | mus - cles, | } swell - ing, | well - ing! |
| joy for - ev - er |             |                |             |

CHORUS.



*f* Sweet - est, fair - est, sweet - est, fair - est youth - ful



days, . . . Tar - ry, tar - ry ev - er;

SOLO.



*f* tar - ry, tar - ry ev - er; Yes, tar - ry ev - er!

3 Life seems so fair to youthful glance,  
The world so bright and glitt'ring,  
That sweet content its vision grants,  
No darkling care embitt'ring.

4 Then ever let youth's blissful days  
In quiet joy be flowing,  
And mirthful ways and merry lays,  
While bloom of youth is glowing!

## No. 16.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

J. A. P. Schulz.



1. { Would you gay and hap - py go Thro' this world of trou - ble, }  
 { Learn what oth - er crea - tures know, And your pleas - ure dou - ble. }



Each one hops, or runs, or flies, Free of care and sor - row,



Sings and prays, then shuts its eyes, Peace - ful waits the mor - row.

- 2 Each one takes without a care  
 What the Lord hath sent it;  
 Warbles high in azure air,  
 Or what may content it.  
 Now it stores, with wisdom high,  
 Grain for winter's sharing;  
 Ever finding full supply,  
 To its offspring bearing.
- 3 Never bird in sunshine bright  
 Dreads a threatening shower;  
 Seeks in storm, by quickened flight,  
 Some protecting bower:  
 Warbling forth in happy song  
 To the gracious giver,  
 Swift its joyous way along  
 Darts to friendly cover.



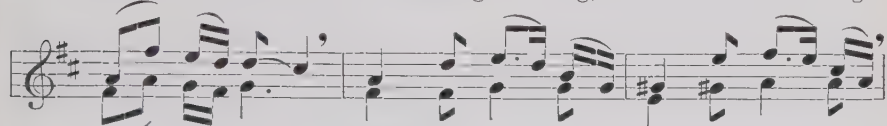
## No. 17.

## I'M LONELY NEVER.

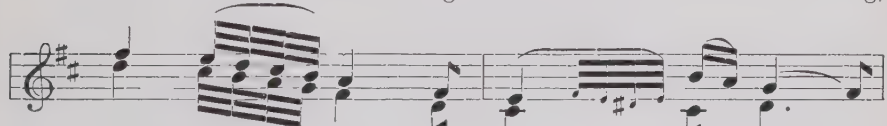
C. M. V. Weber.

*Slowly.*

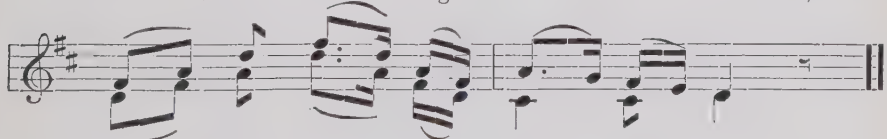
1. Though a - lone, I'm lone - ly nev - er. Hov - 'ring round in  
 2. In my work or where I wan - der, Ev - er beams thy  
 3. In the stars, far dis - tant glit - t'ring, Flower and fo - li - age



ev - 'ry place, Field and wood, all o'er and ev - er,  
 cheer - ing face; Care or pleas - ure, still I pon - der  
 round me here, Pur - ling stream and war - bler twit - t'ring,



Na - ture, I thy spir - it trace,  
 On thy beau - ty and thy grace,  
 Smiles thine im - age ev - er dear,



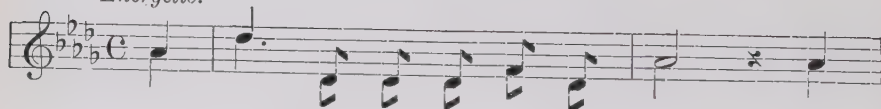
Na - ture, I thy spir - it trace.  
 On thy beau - ty and thy grace.  
 Smiles thine im - age ev - er dear.

- 4 Thee, my dear one, I've selected;  
 Faithful foll'wing where thou lead,  
 By thy charm I am protected,  
 By thy fullness, without need.

- 5 Wisdom lives in thy creation,  
 Beauty beams from every place,  
 Birth and being and salvation  
 Are thy Author's wondrous grace.

## No. 18.

## COME, WANDER.

*Energetic.*

1. Come, wan - der, now sun - rise at hand, To  
 2. Not for a mo - ment cease thy flow, Thou



bid us hie from bless - ed home! And pleas - ure  
 deep blue streams, from place to place, Let winds, ca -



dwells in all the land, O'er hills, how far so e'er we roam.  
 reer - ing, roar and blow, And drive the clouds in rap - id pace.

3 The moon will travel to and fro,  
 The sun go up and down the sky,  
 And ever crying "Westward, ho!"  
 Like fiery courser ever fly.

4 Up, then! how can you stay at home,  
 And ever long for things afar?  
 Arise through lovely fields to roam!  
 And follow westward-trending star.

5 Who knows what Fortune has in store?  
 Go seek and find the precious way;  
 Soon evening comes and morn is o'er,  
 And vision fades, as fades the day.



## No. 19.

## WANDERER'S SONG.

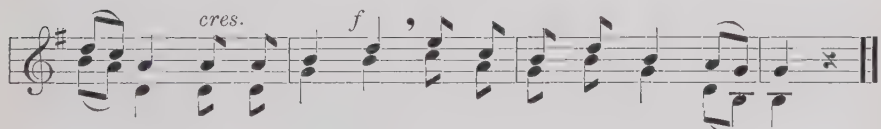
F. E. Fesca.

*Not too fast.*

1. Birds are sing - ing, flow - ers bloom - ing, Green a - gain are wood and
2. Like the cage - im - pris - oned bird - ies, Long at home has been our
3. Joy is beam - ing on our path - ways, Round us, o'er us, ev - 'ry -



lea; Let us no more sit and pon - der, Let us  
 stay; Con - quered now the win - ter's rage is, O - pen  
 where. On the high - land, in the val - ley, Whith - er



hith - er, thith - er wan - der Through the fields' green, roll - ing sea.  
 now our win - ter cag - es, With the birds we'll fly a - way.  
 we may choose to sal - ly, Ros - es' fra - grance fills the air.

- 4 Come then, let us roam and wander,  
 In the new sun's cheerful ray  
 Through the sunlit fields and valleys,  
 Through the forests' shady alleys,  
 All the long, long sunny day.

## No. 20.

## THE WORLD.

1. I dwell in the val - ley, And then high a -  
 bove; Now in the dale, dwell I, A - non in the grove.

2 And everywhere stirreth  
 New life with a rush,  
 And showeth its rapture  
 On heath and in bush.

3 The birdling there twitters,  
 List, list to its song!  
 And sings as it flutters  
 Its short life along.

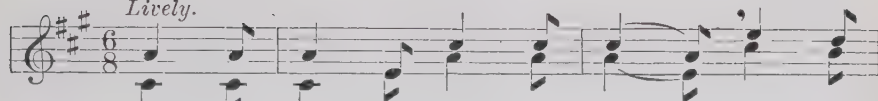
4 In brooklet there splashing  
 So gaily the fish;  
 The bugs too are dashing  
 About as they wish.

5 And all are so happy,  
 And all to me say:  
 Go make others happy,  
 And you will be gay.

## No. 21.

## ON THE MOUNTAINS.

I. R. Fumsteey.

*Lively.*

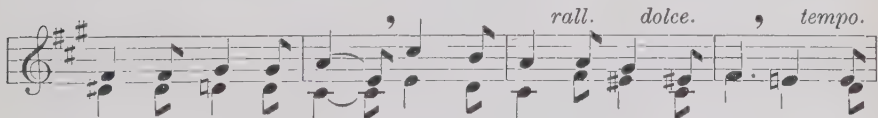
1. On the free and tow - 'ring heights, On the  
 2. On the free and tow - 'ring heights, On the  
 3. On the free and tow - 'ring heights, On the



moun - tain 'tis so fair, Where the gi - ant gla - ciers  
 moun - tain 'tis so fair. List! the cow - bell's sweet ding  
 moun - tain 'tis so fair, Where the heart is warm and



loom, Where the Al - pine ros - es bloom; Where the  
 dong, And the herd - er's mer - ry song! Rush - ing  
 free, Where no sor - did cares can be; Where, from



Al - pine horns re - sound, Wak - ing ech - oes all a - round, On the  
 tor - rents, through the gorge, Thun - d'ring down the val - ley, surge, On the  
 peaks that touch the sky, Soul may look to Him on high. On the

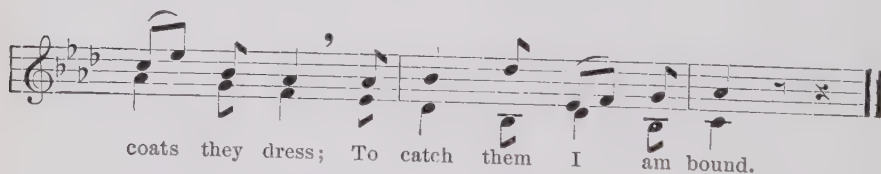
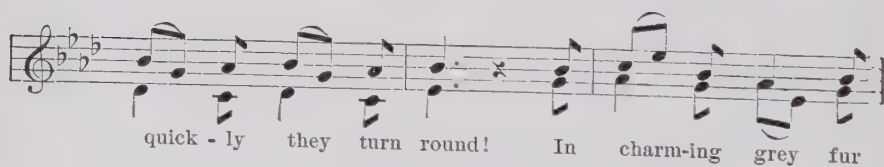


free and loft - y heights, On the moun - tain 'tis so fair.  
 free and loft - y heights, On the moun - tain 'tis so fair.  
 free and loft - y heights, On the moun - tain 'tis so fair.

## No. 22.

## THE SQUIRREL.

Mozart.



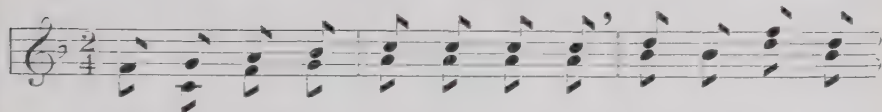
2 How quick they leap from tree to tree,  
To ground from tree-top high!  
So nimbly, you can scarcely see  
Them leap, and run, and fly.

3 Farewell, ye sprightly creatures wee,  
In shady groves. Good bye.  
O would that you might come with me  
My tender love to try!

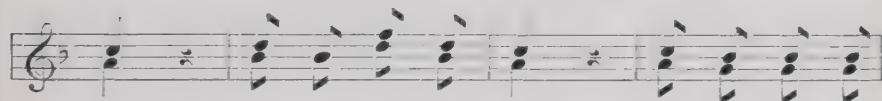
## No. 23.

## THE FOX.

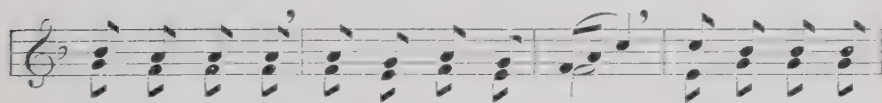
G Noack.



1. Fox! my gray goose thou hast stol - en; If on it you  
 2. Seek you now an - oth - er tid - bit Like a dain - ty  
 3. Keep a - way from barn and sta - ble; Fierce, great dogs watch



dine, If on it you dine, I will call up -  
 mouse, Like a dain - ty mouse? You can make the  
 there, Fierce, great dogs watch there: And to kill thee



on that hunt - er, With his ri - fle fine; I will call up -  
 cat a vis - it, And with her ca - rouse; You can make the  
 they are a - ble; There - fore, fox, be - ware! And to kill thee



on that hunt - er, With his ri - fle fine.  
 cat a vis - it, And with her ca - rouse.  
 they are a - ble; There - fore, fox, be - ware!

## No. 24.

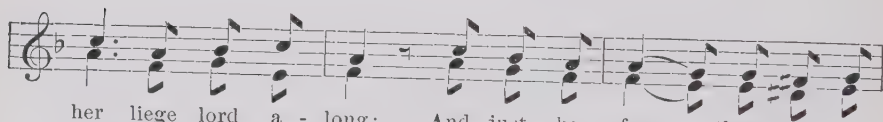
## THE GEESE.

*Gaily.*

J. Wunderlich.



1. Came wad-dling once, a mot-ley throng, Dame Goose, with  
 2. A Spitz dog came, and barked "Be-gone! A-way with  
 3. Dame Goose de-clined with fear to shake; At Spitz she  
 4. The geese how-e'er, in spite of Spitz, All safe-ly



her liege lord a-long; And just be-fore them, lov-ing  
 you! what have you done? How could you dare this flood be  
 hissed just like a snake; And Spitz then fled be-reft of  
 swam a-cross the pits. And Spitz kept bark-ing, hoarse and



wan-der All the gos-lings fat and ten-der. From dan-ger  
 swim-ing! And to plunge in brook so brim-ming! If I had  
 cour-age, Still in brook the geese would for-age. Spitz mut-ter'd  
 hoars-er, Run-ning swift as a-any cours-er; They'll let him



free, the whole young brood Plung'd in the brook's en-gulf-ing flood.  
 not just come this way Would all of you be drowned this day."  
 yet, as he ran down, "Well, well, who wish-es, let him drown."  
 bark long as he may, But geese will ev-er have their way.

## No. 25.

## THE STORK.

G. A. Noack.



1. Look you here! look you here! See the stork a - gain ap -



pear! They come hith - er fly - ing, To us they are



hie - ing. With us they now will stay, Warm'd by the sun's bright ray.

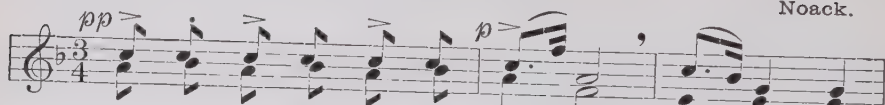
2 O look up! O look up!  
To the chimney tow'ring top!  
With eyes on each fledgeling  
They on the rough edgeling  
To flutter and carouse  
On yonder moss-grown house.

3 Tell us do! Tell us do!  
Of what use, I pray, are you!  
Still roam you so gaily  
Through moor and fen daily.  
O'er field and town along;  
Your life is all sing — song.

## No. 26.

## FISH, BIRD AND BEE.

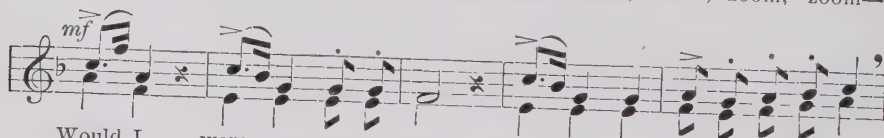
Noack.



1. Skip, skip, skip, skip, skip, skip Nim - bly, mer - ri - ly,  
 2. Hush, hush, hush, hush, hush, hush, Hop the birds in bush;  
 3. Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, Soft - ly, mer - ri - ly,



- Play - eth there the fish; Skip, skip, skip, skip, skip, skip—  
 Hop the birds in bush; Hush, hush, hush, hush, hush, hush—  
 Zooms the hap - py bee; Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom—



- Would I were gay as a fish! Would I were all the time as gay,  
 Would I were gay as the bird! Would I were all the time as gay,  
 Would I were gay as the bee! Would I were all the time as gay,



- E - ven as mer - ry as the fish! Skip, skip, skip, skip, skip,  
 E - ven as mer - ry as the bird! Hush, hush, hush, hush, hush,  
 E - ven as mer - ry as the bee! Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,



- Nim - bly play - eth the fish.  
 Light - ly hop - peth the bird.  
 Soft - ly sing - eth the bee.



## No. 27.

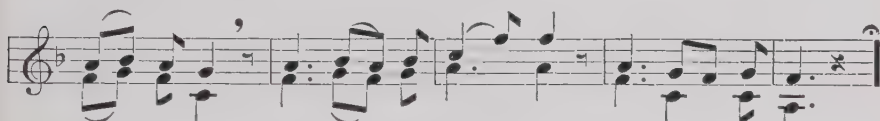
## LIFE LET US CHERISH.

*Moderately fast.*  
*mf*

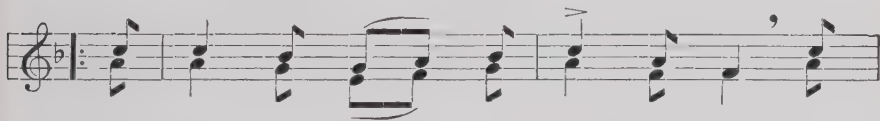
H. G. Nageli.



1, 2, 3, 4. Life let us cher - ish, While yet . . the



ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - ret Pluck ere it close.



1. Why are we fond of toil and care? Why
2. When clouds ob - scure the at - mos - phere, And
3. The gen - ial sea - sons soon are o'er; Then
4. A - way with ev - 'ry toil and care, And



choose the rank - ling thorn to wear And heed - less by the  
 fork - ed light - nings rend the air, The sun re - sumes its  
 let us, ere we quit the shore, Con - tent - ment seek; it  
 cease the rank - ling thorn to wear; With man - ful hearts, life's



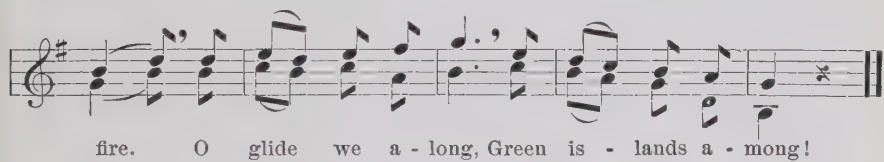
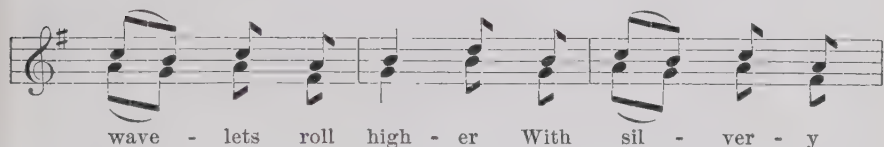
lil - y stray, Which blos - soms in our way?  
 sil - ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the west.  
 is life's zest, The sun - shine of the breast.  
 con - flict meet, Till death sounds the re - treat.



## No. 29.

## IN THE BOAT.

Laur.



2 Roll to the right,  
And roll to the left!  
Thy rocking, thy rolling  
Our oars are controlling.  
We're gliding with song  
The green shores along!

3 Sweet flow'ry shore  
Is scented all o'er;  
O hearken to zephyrs;  
In softest of whispers,  
As we glide along  
The glories among.

4 With rapture fill'd,  
To pleasure we yield;  
The hours swiftly vanish,  
All sorrow we banish  
While gliding along  
In full joyous song.

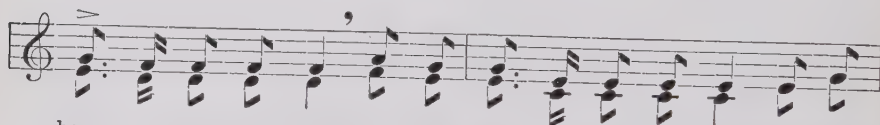
## No. 30.

## THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

CHORUS.



1. He who would with sol - diers road it, He must  
 2. You must have what we de - light in— A good  
 3. You must on a horse be rid - ing, With two  
 4. Thus with sol - diers you may road it, Wav - ing



have a gun to shoot, He must have a gun to shoot, And with  
 sa - bre keen and strong, A good sa - bre keen and strong; When the  
 bur - nished sil - ver spurs, With two bur - nished sil - ver spurs; Then his  
 plume and cour - age bright, Wav - ing plume and cour - age bright. Take the



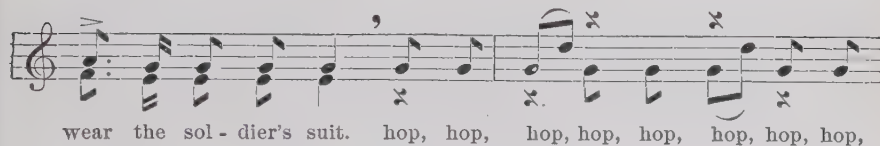
pow - der he must load it, And with bul - let hard to  
 foe gives cause to fight in Not for foe - men, nor for  
 way you're sure - ly guid - ing, When he's will - ing or per -  
 gun and right - ly load it, When the right de - mands the

SOLO.

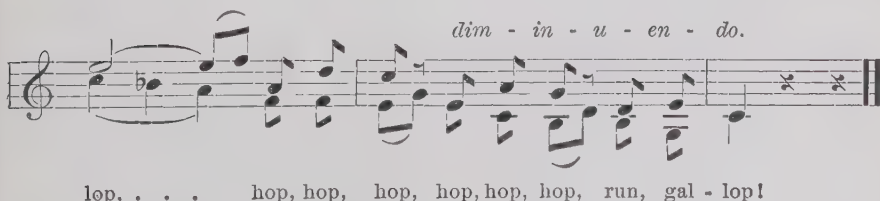
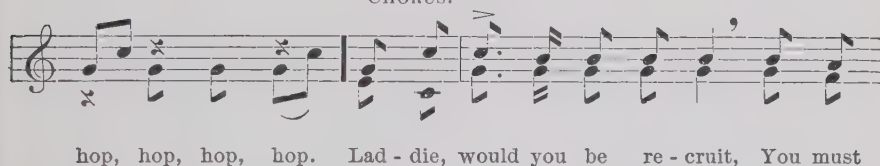


boot.  
 wrong.  
 verse.  
 fight.

Lad - die, would you be re - cuit, You must  
 Lad - die, would you be re - cuit, You must  
 Lad - die, would you be re - cuit, You must  
 Lad - die, would you be re - cuit, You must



## CHORUS.



## No. 31.

## WITH BOW AND ARROW.

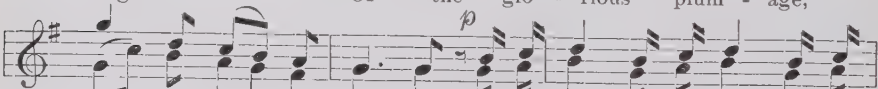
B. A. Weber.



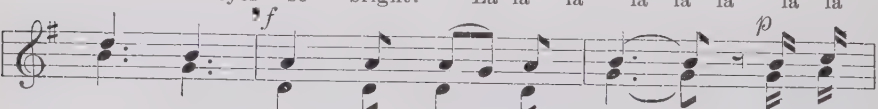
1. With the bow and ar - row, O - ver hill and  
 2. Where the ea - gle soar - eth, King of peaks so  
 3. To their aim un - err - ing, Falls an eas - y the  
 4. Hun - ter, stay thy pas - sion! See you not the



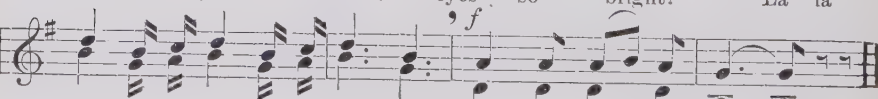
dale, . . . Ere the dawn of mor - row,  
 high, . . . Where the stream - let pour - eth,  
 prey, . . . Fly - ing or when run - ning,  
 light . . . Of the glo - rious plum - age,



When the stars grow pale, La la la la la la la la  
 There the hun - ters hie, La la la la la la la la  
 Pheas - ant, hare, or jay, La la la la la la la la  
 And the eyes so bright? La la la la la la la la



la la, When the stars grow pale, La la  
 la la, There the hun - ters hie, La la  
 la la, Pheas - ant, hare, or jay, La la  
 la la, And the eyes so bright? La la



la la la la la la la la, When the stars grow pale.  
 la la la la la la la la, There the hun - ters hie.  
 la la la la la la la la, Pheas - ant, hare, or jay.  
 la la la la la la la la, And the eyes so bright?

5 Stay, O stay and listen!

Hear you not that song?

Does your weapon glisten

To destroy that throng?

La la la la la la la la,

To destroy that throng?

La la la la la la la la,

To destroy that throng?

6 See, he is relenting!

Bow and arrow rest;

And from his repenting,

Peace comes to each nest,

La la la la la la la la,

Peace comes to each nest,

La la la la la la la la,

Peace comes to each nest.

No. 32.

## THE BOY AND THE BUG.

G. A. Noack.



1. A lit - tle brown-ish bug once crept, A tree's bark to ex - plore, And
2. Then lit - tle Frank-ie came that way, Had in his hand a net; For
3. The wee bug struggled at his touch, When Frankie pull'd it out, But
4. Then did the bug ex-claim—but no, It was the boy's own heart—As



he at last, from all his toil, Was ver - y tired and sore; And  
 but - ter - flies he'd looked all day, And none had caught he yet: But  
 strong-er was the boy by much, For he was big and stout. With  
 though the bug did say "No, no, Thy grip makes me to smart; If



when e - nough he'd rest - ed, And he felt the storm-y blast, He  
 hard - ly had the lit - tle one The bug seen near him fly, When  
 o - pen eyes then stared the boy At the poor struggling mite, In -  
 thou but knew how great my pain, I think you'd let me go." The



tore the cowl from off his brow And flew a - way 'quite fast.  
 quick he cried, "Thou shalt be won, I'll not let thee go by."  
 deed to catch it gave him joy, His grip was strong and tight.  
 boy re - leased the bug a - gain; This sto - ry's true, I know.

## No. 33.

## PLAY.

Mozart.

1. Our toil and work is brought to end, Now  
 come to jest and play; Let each de - serve what  
 la - bor sends, Be joy - ful, blithe and gay.

2 We'll spurn, from all our youthful plays,  
 Each wrong and wicked word;  
 We must be wise in all our ways,  
 For thus we serve the Lord.

3 How kind is our great Lord, and good,  
 He grants us health and mind,  
 A merry heart, a joyful mood,  
 And pleasure sweet to find.

4 So loving ever looks He down  
 And smiles to see our joy;  
 'Tis He from whom all joy is drawn;  
 Then praise Him, girl and boy.

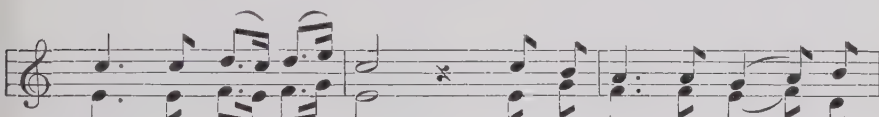


## No. 34. WHEN IN HAPPY, MERRY CAROLS.

Popular Song.

*Cheerfully.*

1. When in hap - py, mer - ry car - ols, Rap-t'rous  
 2. Pure and no - ble are the pleas - ures That to  
 3. Then let mu - sic's sweet - est num - bers Ev - 'ry



strains the bos - om swells, Then a - wak'd by mu - sic's  
 chil - dren na - ture gives, Bless-ed those that guard, as  
 cloud - ed hour con - sole, While a - bides, in harm - less



num-bers, Joy from heart's deep foun - tain wells. Then la la la la  
 treasures, All the words a pa - rent leaves. Then la la la la  
 slumbers, Ev - 'ry care that seeks the soul. Then la la la la



la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

*ritard.*

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

## No. 35.

## THE SHEPHERD.

G. A. Noack.

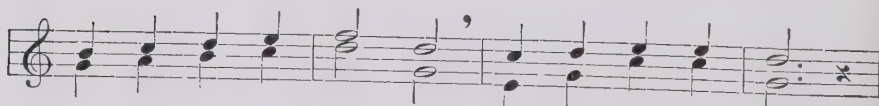


1. Free of sor - row, Shep-herd, ev 'ry mor - row,  
 2. For - est green - ing, Field with bless - ing sheen - ing,  
 3. Dew and show - er, Bless - ing tree and flow - er,  
 4. O how gra - cious, Migh - ty. King sa - ga - cious,

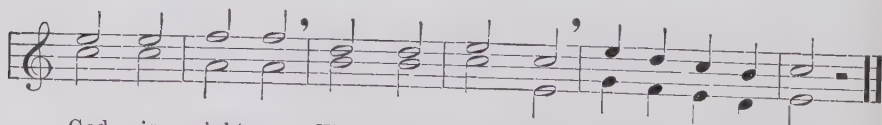


drives his flocks to field,  
 In sun's qui - et shine,  
 O - ver field and height,  
 Is the world's great Lord!

With him, birds are sing - ing,  
 Sooth - ing rays of moon - light,  
 Breez - es soft - ly creep - ing  
 Who, as King e - ter - nal,



While their lays are ring - ing, He this song doth yield:  
 Peace - ful, rest - ful, mid - night, Or on fruit or vine;  
 Where the shades are keep - ing Qui - et rest all night;  
 Shep - herd is pa - ter - nal, With us in ac - cord,

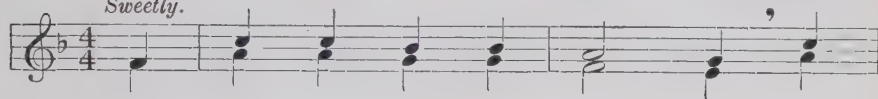


God is might - y, Kind and gra - cious, And He cares for man.  
 God hath pow - er, Gra - cious pow - er, Na - ture to ful - fil.  
 Till the light - ning, Storm - cloud bright - ning Zig - zags to and fro.  
 Now in prais - ing, Voi - ces rais - ing, We pour forth our song.

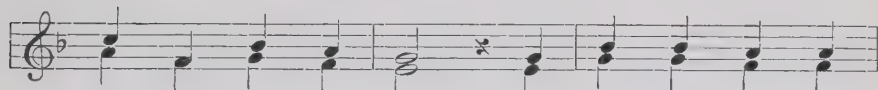
## No. 36.

## THE MOON.

I. F. Reichardt.

*Sweetly.*

1. With mild and sil - v'ry lus - tre, She



ris - es from the sea, Of all the stars we



mus - ter None is so fair as she.

- 2 She boasts not of her treasures,  
 She hides her face so bright,  
 And yet bestows her pleasures  
 By mild and pleasing light.
- 3 And Thou, who didst her grant us,  
 With clear and soothing light,  
 So many joys hast sent us,  
 Could else she be so bright?
- 4 And now with grateful off'ring  
 For joys and moon we send.  
 That after toil and suff'ring  
 Doth richest blessings lend.

## No. 37.

## IN THE MOONLIGHT

*Soft and slow.* I. F. Reichardt.

1. In the moon - light mild - ly beam - ing,  
 2. Float - ing on - ward and re - turn - ing,

Will we float with mer - ry mood Where the brook so  
 Need - ing nei - ther sail nor mast, Bon - ny boat, the

slow - ly stream - ing, Pours its clear and tran - quil flood.  
 breez - es spurn - ing, Bears us till the day is past.

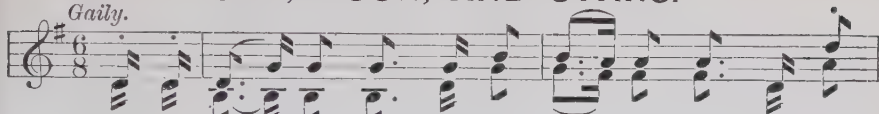
3 Naught to fear upon these billows,  
 Naught to fear and naught to shun;  
 Naught we hear, save whispering willows  
 Or some maiden's song that's sung.

4 Who for gold or naval glory  
 Would be lured to distant sea?  
 We would live life's simple story  
 Seeking for some shelt'ring lea.

5 Be our life's enduring pleasure  
 Neither gold nor vain renown;  
 Let contentment be our treasure  
 As our boat glides gently down.

## No. 38.

## SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

*Gaily.*

1. { The great sun set out for his dai - ly ride round the  
And the lit - tle stars thro' the hea - ens's vault would be
2. { Then the stars went out to the pale, pale moon in the  
And they said, O moon, thron'd on clouds so soft, soft and

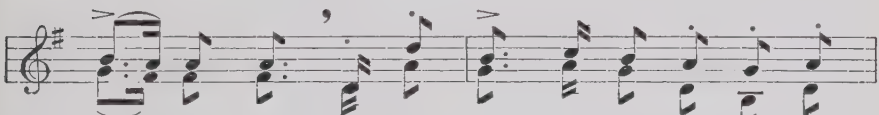


world,  
hurled.  
night,  
white,

But the sun was un - will - ing, lest  
Let us wan - der with thee, for thy



this be - tide: They might lose their bright eyes in their  
silv - 'ry sheen, And our eyes be un - dimm'd for all



fi - 'ry ride, In their fi - er - y ride round the  
glo - ries seen, In our won - der - ful ride round the



world In their fi - er - y ride round the world.  
world, In our won - der - ful ride round the world.

3 "Come and welcome, stars," said the silv'ry queen of the night,  
"For the whole world sees by your shining eyes, clear and bright,  
You will light your bright candles in altars high,  
Mid the gleam of whose radiance we'll pass night by,  
|| : And will merrily ride round the world." : ||

## No. 39. IT CANNOT FOREVER REMAIN SO.

F. H. Himmel.

*Happily.*

1. And can it for - ev - er re - main . . so, Be  
 2. Let mu - sic and joy flow to - geth - er If  
 3. Then let it for - ev - er re - main . . thus! Our



neath this fair change - a - ble moon? . . The dear - est of  
 they in - ter - min - gle with love; . . If each will make  
 life with pure pleas - ure in - vest; . . No mat - ter how



hopes, like the tide, flow, And earth has no per - ma - nent  
 hap - py the oth - er "What change will there be up a -  
 fates may dis - perse us, In life we'll choose on - ly the



boon, . . . And earth has no per - ma - nent boon.  
 bove? . . . What change will there be up a - bove?"  
 best, . . . In life we'll choose on - ly the best.

4 Though far we may go from each other,  
 Our home lands will ever seem near,  
 For bonds of pure love make the brother,  
 Such love will attend us to cheer.

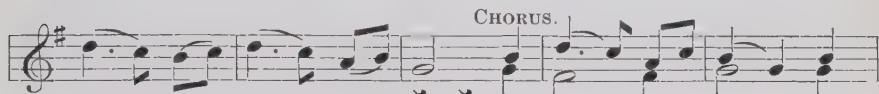
5 Wherever again be our meeting,  
 Whatever life-way we may wend.  
 Unite we, in joyfulest greeting,  
 Our hearts and our hands to the end.

## No. 40.

## WATCHMAN'S SONG.



1. Peace - ful be thy slum - bers to - night: Rest, the  
 2. Now all care and la - bor be . . . gone; Rest in  
 3. List - en to the bur - den of . . . song; Mid - night



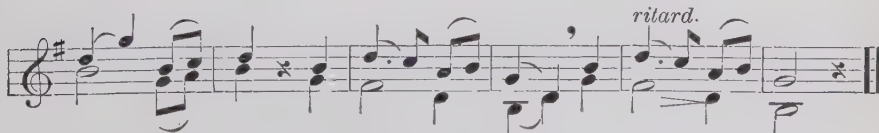
an - gel, hov - er light; De - vo - tion dwell on  
 peace till ear - ly dawn. Who didst the night to  
 hour tolls loud and long. To ev - 'ry soul at



ev - 'ry tongue; And pur - est thoughts thy dreams a - mong. Then  
 e - vil give, Give night to rest, and long - er live. Now  
 mid - night late, Op - pressed with pain and sor - row great, God



be thy sleep like heav - en bright, For friend - ly eye, for  
 go to rest; thy watch - er's near, And guard thee, Heav'n, and  
 grant re - main - ing hours of rest, And ros - y morn, and



friend - ly eye doth watch to - night, doth watch to - night.  
 guard thee, Heav'n, from ev - 'ry fear, from ev - 'ry fear.  
 ros - y morn with wak - ing blest, with wak - ing blest.

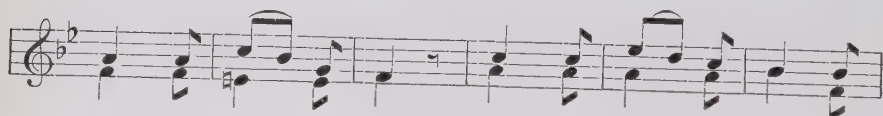


## No. 41.

## THINGS WE LOVE.

*Cheerfully.*

1. Cheers for all things that we're lov - ing, All that  
 2. Cheers for all things that we're lov - ing, Ev - 'ry  
 3. Cheers for all things that we're lov - ing, Sci - ence  
 4. Cheers for all things that we're lov - ing, Till our



make our hearts re - joice, — Sum - mer, spring, and fruit and  
 ten - der heart - felt tie, — First of all our dear, dear  
 na - ture, ev - 'ry art, All to all good deeds in -  
 life comes to an end; Then no more our sins en -



flow - ers, Mer - ry hu - mor, loft - y pow - er, Friend-ship,  
 moth - er, And best friend and kind - est fa - ther, Our be -  
 cit - ing, And our cour - age more in - vit - ing, Cheer a -  
 slav - ing, Then no an - gry pas - sions rav - ing, God at



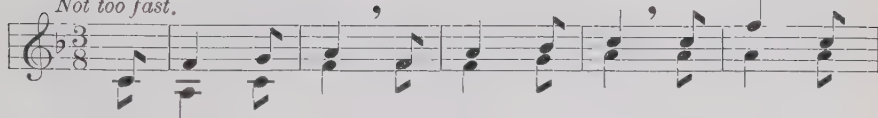
love, and char - i - ty, Friend-ship, love, and char - i - ty.  
 lov - ed fa - ther - land, Our be lov - ed fa - ther - land.  
 gain our faint-ing heart, Cheer a - gain our faint-ing heart.  
 last His peace will lend, God at last His peace will lend.



## No. 42.

## SPRING SONG.

J. A. Hiller.

*Not too fast.*

1. Make wreaths at once And join the dance; With fields be -
2. For who can tell When tolls our knell; When no more
3. Then joy - ful go; God wills it so. Whom well hath

*rall.*

fore us, And tow-'ring o'er us Sweet shad - y trees, Fanned by the breeze.  
 May - ing Calls us to play - ing, And when no spring Calls birds to sing?  
 striv - en He joy hath giv - en: En - joy your time; 'T is boon sub - lime.

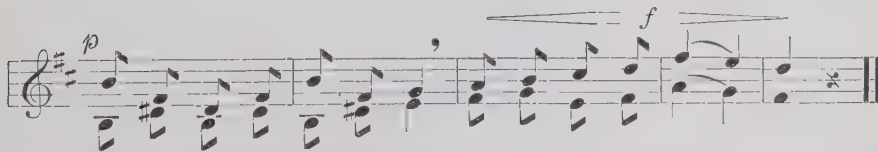
## No. 43.

## SPRING GREETING.

Mendelssohn.

*Tenderly.*

1. In my soul I hear all day Bells so sweet - ly ring - ing.
2. Ring and haste thee to our home Where are vio - lets glow - ing,



Ring the com - ing Spring's own lay; Ev - er be thou ring - ing.  
 Where a rose in sweet - est bloom Greet - ing will be show - ing.

## No. 44.

## SONG OF THE MONTHS.

G. Noack.

1. Cold Jan - u - a - ry's sport will be The  
 sleigh - ride and the skate; How - ev - er fierce its  
 storm - y blast, Our fun will not a - bate But  
 Feb - ru - a - ry's lit - tle horn So oft so cold will  
 turn That all the chil - dren then ex - claim, " Will  
 spring - time ne'er re - turn?" " Will spring-time ne'er re - turn?"

2 Then March comes down the chilly dells,  
 To waken field and wood,  
 To bring the lovely white snowbells  
 And Spring's serener mood.  
 Coquettish April's shower and sun  
 Pour down the waiting field;  
 And, ere his teasing course is run,  
 || : Full many blossoms yield. : ||

3 But softer murmurs haunt the air ;  
Look ! 't is the month of May !  
And bud and blossom everywhere  
Reflect each sunny ray.  
The sun of June comes down the slope  
To paint the cherry's cheek ;  
To fill the fields with joy and hope,  
|| : Where all may comfort seek. : ||

4 Comes warm July with berries bright,  
And noisy insects' ring,  
And ripened grain, and sultry night,  
When merry reapers sing.  
But August loads the graceful trees,  
And grows the planted field ;  
And rain and sun and quiet breeze  
|| : Mature the harvest's yield. : ||

5 September ushers harvest in ;  
With lavish hand he frees  
The fragrant fruits, for Winter's bin,  
From richly laden trees.  
October her abundance yields  
To heap the toilers' shrine,  
The products of the fertile fields,  
|| : The orchard and the vine. : ||

6 Then will November's wailing blast  
From gloomy North come o'er ;  
And lark and stork forsake, at last,  
The leafless field, the shore.  
But tho' December's sun may gleam  
Through wind, and ice and snow,  
A cheerful Light will ever beam  
|| : Where Christmas hopes shall glow : ||

## No. 45.

## SUMMER IS COMING.

W. Vater.



1. Too brief the spring's bright pleas - ures, The



sum - mer now draws near. To bring his no - ble



treas - ures, That bless the full round year.

2 While spring's gay flow'r is fading  
In summer's glowing ray,  
Soon threat'ning clouds come shading  
From us the heat of day.

3 Like lakes extend the grainfields;  
The heavy ear bows down;  
No song the nightingale yields;  
The ripened grass is mown.

4 The shrub bends down its branches  
Well crowned with berries bright,  
And precious treasure launches  
In blue, and black, and white.

## No. 46.

## SUMMER.

Dieffenbacher.



1. There stood on yon-der house-top high, To look for cloud-y
2. His faith-ful wife, with wa-t'ring pot, Would save her drooping
3. "Good cheer" we heard the farm-er say, "Ne'er yield to such de-



weath-er, A far-mer who, with an-xious eye, Some  
 gar-den; Her brin-y tears fall free and fast; The  
 spair-ing; For hope il-lumes the dark-est day, Heav'n



sign of rain would gath-er; With fold-ed hands, In  
 ground ne'er ceased to hard-en. She said, "The signs bode  
 rem-e-dy's pre-par-ing, And He who sees the

*riten:*

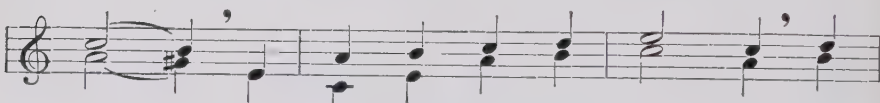
fer-vent prayer, His voice broke through the cloud-y air.  
 on-ly ill, And burn-ing heat our plants will kill."  
 spar-row fall Will heed each crea-ture's earn-est call."

## No. 47.

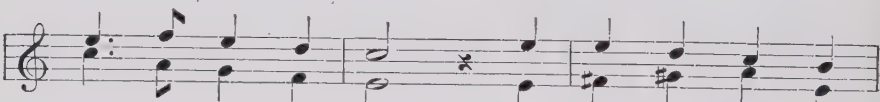
## AUTUMN.



1. The Au - tumn leaves are fall - ing; Fair sum - mer's days are  
 2. The song - sters will come glad - ly Our sweet spring-time to



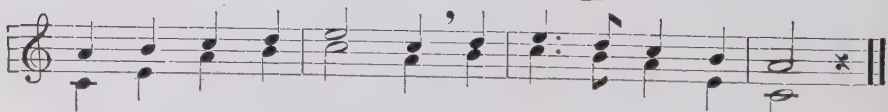
past, And all its cher - ished beau - ties Are  
 share, And to our shad - y for - ests In



turned to dust at last. The birds that sang so  
 tune - ful throngs re - pair. Then wel - come, snow - y



sweet - ly Have fled the cheer - less wood, With  
 win - ter, With dress so white and new, Pro -



swal - lows wan - d'ring south - ward, In warm - er clime to brood.  
 tect the sleep - ing flow - ers With down - y man - tle true.

## No. 48.

## AUTUMN SONG.

Reichardt.



2 Now the grapes so luscious,  
 In their clusters precious,  
     Hang mid leaves yet green;  
 And the blushing peaches --  
 Whose rich juice beseeches  
     All to come and glean.

3 Swains their baskets bringing,  
 Merry songs are singing,  
     All so glad and gay;  
 Ribbons bright are streaming,  
 Like the red leaves beaming --  
     Leaves of autumn day.

## No. 49.

## SNOW-DROPS.

G. Wunderlich.



1. Ere the win - ter snow doth van - ish, Snow - drop



lift - eth up her head; By the rays of sun ad -



mon - ished, That 't is time to leave her bed.

2 In the sunshine there she basks now,  
Though the ground is damp and cold.  
Surely I will go and ask how  
She has dared to be so bold.

3 Whispering says it soft and kindly,  
"God the Lord has called me forth;  
I announce the spring-time friendly,  
Winter flies toward the North."



## No. 50.

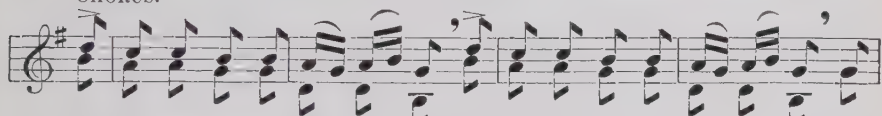
## WINTER'S EVENING.

G. W. Fink.



1. { What earth-ly pleas-ures half so sweet, On this great changing earth, }  
 { As songs of joy, where friends may meet, And mu - sic height-ens mirth. }  
 2. { Let fall-ing snow fill earth and air, And win-ter's wind blow cold, }  
 { And i - cy fet-ters ev - 'ry-where The field and streamlet hold. }

CHORUS.



Then give each voice to joy - ous song, And laugh and sing, ye mer - ry throng, And



laugh and sing, ye mer - ry throng. Tra la la, tra la la, tra la



la, tra la la, tra la la la la la, tra la la la la, tra la



la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la la.

- 3 Now let the merry laugh go round,  
 When wits their stories tell;  
 When luscious fruits, in garner found,  
 Our appetites dispel.  
 Then give, etc.
- 4 And thus with laugh and joke and song,  
 We make mock war and peace;  
 Though winter's snows blow fierce along,  
 Our pleasure will not cease.  
 Then give, etc.
- 6 Too soon the flitting hours go by,  
 Too soon we'll hear "Good night;"  
 Too soon we'll heed the watchman's cry,  
 Mid trackless snow and white.  
 Then give, etc.

## No. 51.

## THE GARDEN.

*Not too fast.*

E. Pax,



1. Go vis - it the gar - den, ye hap - py ones,
2. Their col - ors will cheer thee, their o - dors give
3. Be - hold the great won - der there spring from the
4. And bulbs are trans - plant - ed to bless us in



go; Its flow'rs are the fair - est the sum - mer can  
 zest, While wreaths of their beau - ties a - dorn head and  
 earth! The seed grows a plant - let, that flow'rs may have  
 May With sweet - est of blos - soms for wreaths white and



show, Its flow'rs are the fair - est the sum - mer can show.  
 breast, While wreaths of their beau - ties a - dorn head and breast.  
 birth, The seed grows a plant - let, that flow'rs may have birth.  
 gay, With sweet - est of blos - soms for wreaths white and gay.

5 Then back to the schoolroom we'll haste on our ways  
 ||: With odors upon us, and in our hearts praise. :||

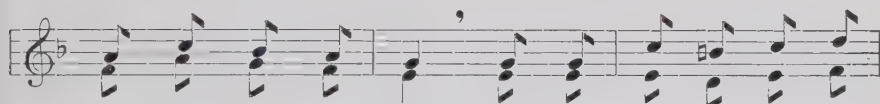
## No. 52.

## THE LILY AND THE ROSES.

Wodeman.



1. Han - nah, maid of flow - ers fond, Form'd a  
 2. "Moth - er," said she, "O how bright Shin - eth  
 3. "Child," then said the moth - er kind, "This sweet



wreath with clev - er hands, As the night the star dis  
 there the lil - y white! See, the snow-white lil - y  
 sym - bol keep in mind: "If, with oth - er no - ble



clos - es—Twixt two fair and fra - grant ros - es; As in  
 beam - eth! Now with ros - y hue it gleam - eth! Touch'd by  
 grac - es, Pu - ri - ty thy soul em - brac - es, The re -



ring a dia - mond stone: There a pure white lil - y shone.  
 fresh Au - ro - ra's breath, How it shin - eth in the wreath!"  
 flex its life will be Of the wreath's sweet ten - den - cy."

## No. 53. OF LEAVES AND OF VIOLETS.

*Not too fast.*

1. Of leaves and of vi - o - lets wreath I en - twine, A



wreath I en - twine, Till fair on the heav - en, Till fair on the



heav - en, Till fair on the heav - en The eve - ning stars shine.

2 Sweet May with her flow'rets doth cover our hair,

Doth cover our hair;

And with smiling glances,

And with smiling glances,

The summer advances

With gifts sweet and fair.

3 Then let us look forth on the world we have seen,

The world we have seen;

No cloudlet is dimming,

No cloudlet is dimming,

No cloudlet is dimming

Its wonderful sheen.

4 Ah! soon the time passes, and spring goes away,

And spring goes away;

Our summer's day over,

Our summer's day over,

Our roses all wither,

Our hair turns to grey.

5 But now the sweet vi'lets our brow shall entwine,

Our brow shall entwine;

And joyful our singing,

And joyful our singing,

Till fair on the heavens

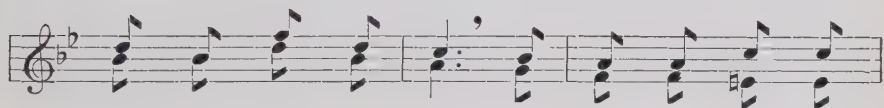
The evening stars shine.

## No. 54.

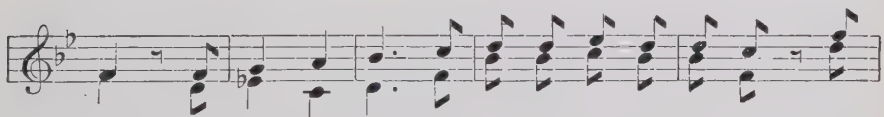
## ADORN WITH WREATHS.

*Cheerfully.*  
*mf*

1. A - dorn with wreaths each wait - ing brow so bon - ny, And  
 2. The fair - est land that has nor mount nor for - est Is  
 3. On these green mounts how joy - ous are we liv - ing; Then



for the wav - ing wood, the wav - ing wood, give  
 but a sor - ry land, Is but a sor - ry  
 praise the woods with me, Then praise the woods with



cheer! In for - est grounds be - side the field so sun - ny, No  
 land; The high - est bliss, and cure for hearts the sor - est Doth  
 me; Thus while we live, no thought to sor - row giv - ing, Come



rest is found as here, No rest is found as here.  
 yield a for - est grand, Doth yield a for - est grand.  
 roam the woods with me, Come roam the woods with me.

## No. 55.

## A WILD FLOWER.

*Slowly.*

1. I went a walk - ing with in - tent blind,

To look for noth - ing, To look for

noth - ing, I had in mind, . . I had in mind.

2 I found a flower

There on my way,

|| : Like star a shining, : ||

|| : With eye like day. : ||

3 I went to pluck it;

Then said it, " Pray,

|| : Must I, for fading, : ||

|| : Be plucked to-day? : ||

4 I gently took it,

With all its root,

|| : Down to my garden, : ||

|| : My pretty cot. : ||

5 It there I planted,

In fertile ground;

|| : It fills with fragrance ||

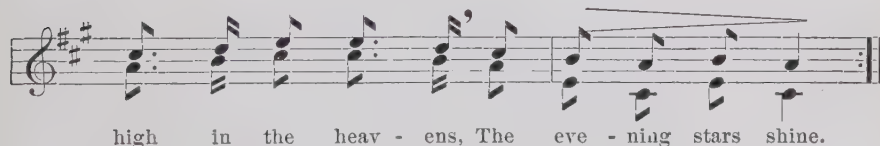
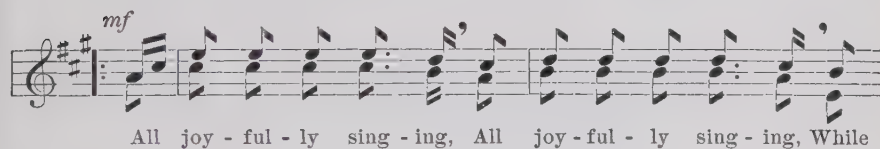
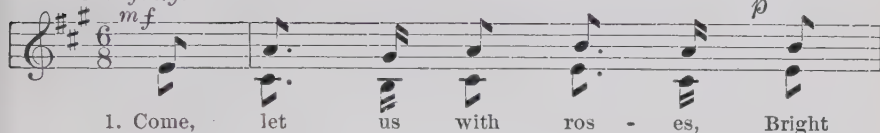
|| : The air around. : ||

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## No. 56.

## COME, LET US WITH ROSES.

Popular Song.

*Cherfully.*

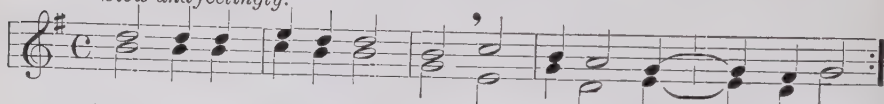
2 Our life stream runs faster,  
 || : Through truth and through strife, : ||  
 || : Than wheels on a wagon. : ||  
 Who knows if tomorrow  
 He'll still be in life?

3 Then onward go, culling  
 || : The roses that blow ; : ||  
 || : And o'er the bright heaven : ||  
 Of merry young children  
 Their fragrance bestow.

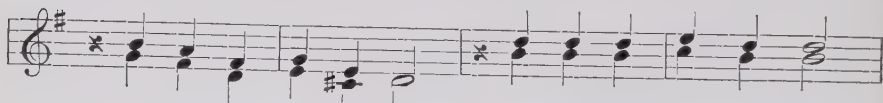
## No. 57.

## THE ROSE.

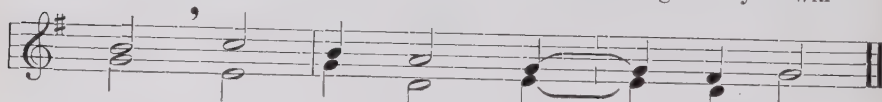
Praetorius, 1609.

*Slow and feelingly.*

1. { Know I a rose now grow-ing From ti - ny root a - pace; }  
 { Proph - ets had sung His com - ing And told His cho - sen race. }



'T was Jes-se's flow - er bright; It bloomed in gloom - y win -



ter, It shone in cold . . mid - night.

- 2 That rose so fragrant, tiny,  
 Isaiah long foretold;  
 See Mary there, the mother,  
 Its blessed form enfold!  
 'T was by God's will and might  
 That flower bloomed in winter,  
 In gloomy cold midnight.

- 3 Rosebud, so dear, so tiny,  
 Had fragrance very great;  
 And light, so brightly shining,  
 All darkness did abate:  
 He was the light of God,  
 He came to all that suffer,  
 For each to bear the rod.

- 4 Thou Rose of Sharon, Jesus,  
 Thy fragrance to us show;  
 And by it in life's pathway  
 Mark Thou the way to go:  
 Thy hand be ever nigh;  
 And when thou see'st us falter,  
 Then take us, Lord, on high.



## No. 58.

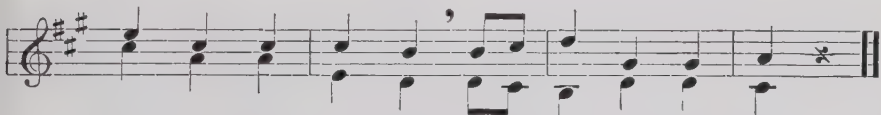
## THE NOOK.

*Kind and sweetly.*

Noack.



1. I know of a bow - er, A cool - ing spring near,—A  
 2. And mild is the sun - shine That ha - ven doth yield, And  
 3. De - light - ful - ly shad - ed By tow - er - ing trees,—Who



- bow - er of beau - ty Where sweet sounds I hear.  
 pure joys are smil - ing From its flow - 'ry field.  
 seek - eth for plea - sure, Swift thith - er he flees.

- 4 A neat little cottage  
 Where ivy doth twine  
 Stands down by the brooklet,  
 Embowered with vine.

- 5 The sun round it shimmers  
 In radiance so fair,  
 And smiles with pure pleasure  
 The mild balmy air.

- 6 Without my transforming  
 A temple of bliss;  
 Its innocent pleasure  
 Can all care dismiss.

- 7 There, there let the morning's  
 Sweet joyfulness glow,  
 And noon's ray of sunshine  
 Its soft splendor show.

## No. 59. SEE THE BROOKLET FLOWING.

T. G. Glaser.

*Cheerfully.*

1. See the brook - let flow - ing ev - er, Flow - ing

ev - er down its course; And the

wave-let's sil - v'ry qui - ver, Flash - es 'long the flow - 'ry shores.

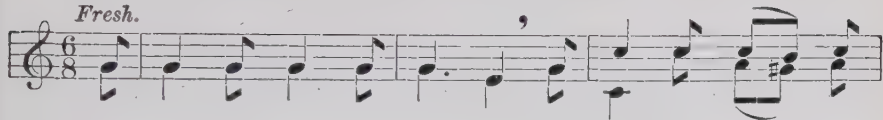
2 Waves ne'er tarry, quick they hurry,  
 Know no rest. and no delay,  
 Ever merry in their flurry,  
 Haste to reach the distant bay.

3 Ah! the bright, the restless billows,  
 Like the precious hours of life,  
 Softly fleeting on to ocean,  
 Where is known no earthly strife.

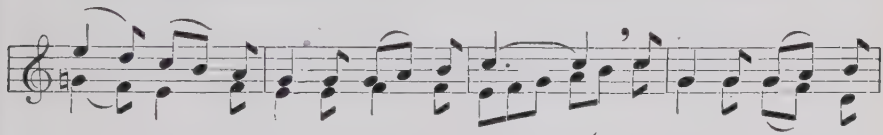
4 Therefore learn with greatest pleasure,  
 Dearest children, not in vain,  
 Minutes hurry, never tarry,  
 Pass, and ne'er return again.

## No. 60.

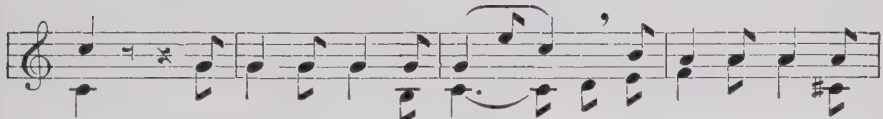
## IN HEATH AND FOREST.

*Fresh.*

1. Fly heath and for - est nev - er! My great - est joy for -
2. The grouse when fly - ing quick - est, The snipe where trees grow
3. While through the woods I'm walk - ing, The stag and deer I'm
4. When day - light glare sub - sid - eth, And when the bright sun



ev - er! I am a huntsman bold, . . . I am a hunts-man  
 thick - est, I pierce with my true ball, . . . I pierce with my true  
 stalk - ing, From morn till close of day, . . . From morn till close of  
 hid - eth, My day's work all is told, . . . My day's work all is



bold. The for - est queen to fos - ter, The fleet - ing game to  
 ball. The elk, the wolf, the deer, too, I slay with dead - ly  
 day. Thus mer - ry hours I'm spend - ing As through the maz - es  
 told. Then in my cot, re - turn - ing, Still bet - ter bliss is



mus - ter. That's what to do I'm told, . . . That's what to do I'm  
 aim true. The fox - es heed my call, . . . The fox - es heed my  
 wend - ing, I mark each wi - ly way, . . . I mark each wi - ly  
 burn - ing, For me a hunts-man bold, . . . For me a huntsman

*Bis.*

told. Hal - li! Hal - lo! Hal - li! Hal - lo! That's what to do I'm told.  
 call. Hal - li! Hal - lo! Hal - li! Hal - lo! The fox - es heed my call.  
 way. Hal - li! Hal - lo! Hal - li! Hal - lo! I mark each wi - ly way.  
 bold. Hal - li! Hal - lo! Hal - li! Hal - lo! For me a huntsman bold.

## No. 61.

## FOREST SONG.

Widmann.



1. With joy - ous heart,      Brow crown'd with wreath, The air with odor o'er-  
 2. Right on - ward trend!      Up - ward we bend! Tho' rough the steep we are



flow - ing,      The air with o - dor o'er flow-ing,      Joy - ful the wood a -  
 climb - ing!      Tho' rough the steep we are climbing!      Joy will be ours a -



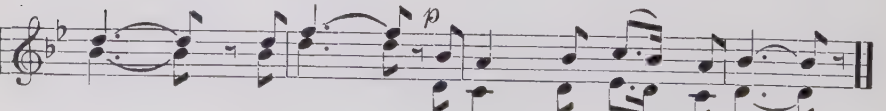
long,      March we a hap - py throng,      Re-sounds our mer-ry  
 bove!      Wel - come us, shad - y grove. Hark! how the ech - o



song,      Our mer - ry song: Hal-lo! . . . Hal-lo! . . . A -  
 rings:      The ech - o rings: Hal-lo! . . . Hal-lo! . . . A -



loud,      a - loud      re - sounds our . . . song,      Hal -  
 loud,      a - loud      the ech - o . . . rings!      Hal -

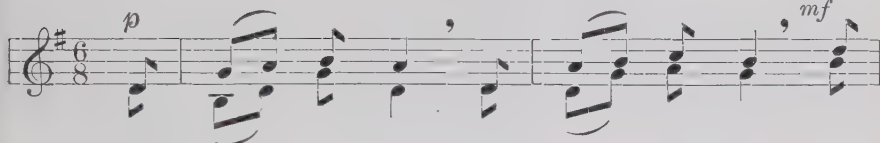


lo! . . . Hal-lo! . . . A - loud      re - sounds our song.  
 lo! . . . Hal-lo! . . . A - loud      the ech - o rings.

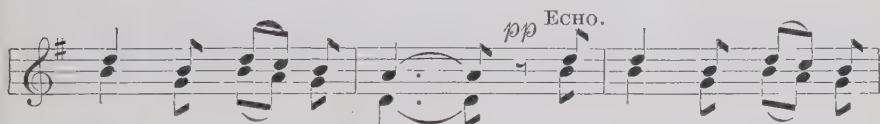
## No. 62.

THE BUGLE.

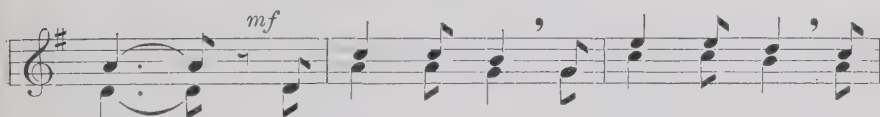
Silcher.

 $m_j$ 

1. How sweet - ly sounds Through for - est grounds The  
2. And ev - 'ry tree, So fair to see, Seems  
3. To ev - 'ry breast, In - spir - ing zest Im -



bu - gle's	pleas - ing	song,	The	bu - gle's	pleas - ing
dress'd in	deep - er	green,	Seems	dress'd in	deep - er
parts the	bu - gle's	tone,	Im - parts the	bu - gle's	



song! To moor and fen, The rock - y glen Re -  
green; And brooks ap - pear More bright and clear Their  
tone! From ach - ing hearts All care de - parts, And



ech - os, O,	so long!	Re - ech - os, O,	so long!
wood - ed banks	be - tween,	Their wood - ed banks	be - tween.
leaves them joy	a - lone,	And leaves them joy	a - lone.

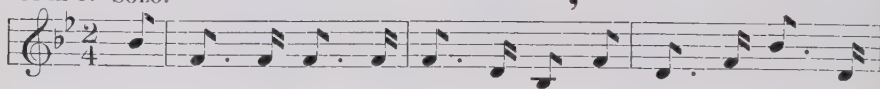
## No. 63.

## FOREST CONCERT.

*Mirthfully.*

Dieffenbacher.

Or in C. SOLO.



1. To - day a con - cert there will be In yon - der shad - y  
 2. The first of fid - dles plays the Finch, The Rob - in plays the  
 3. The Night - in-gale in lov - ing chant Doth sing so clear and



wood; The play - ers try their B and C— Are  
 viol, The Thrush the high C too will clinch, When  
 sweet; And Mas - ter Lin - net plays the flute— Time



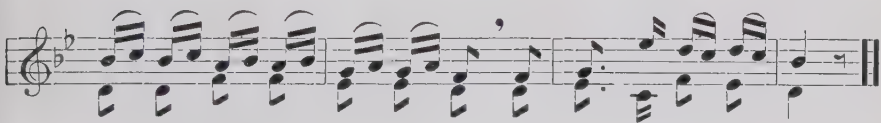
all in mer - ry mood. What ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee! What  
 sing - ing as on trial! What ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee! What  
 keep - ing with his feet! What ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee! What



mirth and glee! Like thun - der it re - sounds, re-sounds; And



in the song Join all the throng, throughout the shad-y ground around; And



in the song Join all the throng throughout the shad - y ground.

4 The Black Bird plays the clarinet,  
 The Raven (dear old man!)  
 Croaks loud his bass, while others fret -  
 For sing he never can! CHO.

5 The bird that picks the wood doth lead  
 Without a moment's rest;  
 With his long bill the time he beats;  
 To him all players trust. CHO.

6 Admiring, listen doe and deer  
 To fiddling and to song;  
 The happy insects too, draw near,  
 And, humming, join the throng. CHO.

## No. 64. LONELY WOODS, FAREWELL.



1. Lone - ly woods, fare - well, fare - well,      Though in ver - nal  
 2. Still I fond - ly lin - ger here      In thy fra - grant  
 3. En - vious comes de - scend - ing night,      Birds their rest are



beau - ty,      I, my part - ing word to tell,  
 bow - ers,      Drink - ing from thy foun - tains clear,  
 seek - ing;      Gen - tly whis - per,      shad - ows light,



Yield heart's love to du - ty.      Come, ye feath - ered  
 Cull - ing ra - diant flow - ers.      On thy ver - dant,  
 "Haste! thy fare - wells speak - ing!"      Sing in soft - er



song - sters, sing!      Faith - ful ech - oes to me bring,  
 mos - sy ground,      Might my rest - ful couch be found,  
 tone, my strain,      Lul - la - by to hill and plain,



High o'er vale and moun - tain, High o'er vale and moun - tain.  
 Can - o - pied with beau - ty! Can - o - pied with beau - ty!  
 Sleep till ros - y morn - ing, Sleep till ros - y morn - ing.



## No. 65.

## THE VILLAGE BELL.

F. E. Fesca.

*Slowly*

1. Bell, thou joy - ful ring - est When thy sweet tone  
 2. When the eve - ning fall - est, Then thy mu - sic



bring - est Hap - py wed - ding day; And thy note is  
 call - est All who God a - dore; Then thy peace - ful

*dim.*

ho - ly When, on Sun - day, slow - ly Peal - ing o'er my way.  
 ring - ing, Rest and so - lace bring - ing, Tells me day is o'er.

3 How comes note so tearful  
 And anon so cheerful  
 Though a metal crude?  
 'T is because our sufferings  
 And our joyful off'rings  
 Thou hast understood.

4 All thy gift so wondrous,  
 All thy tone sonorous  
 God hath given to thee;  
 When my heart is sinking,  
 All thy solace drinking  
 Hope wells up in me.

## No. 66.

## EVENING CHIMES.

G. W. FINCH.

*Slow and tender.*

1. From the vil-lage o'er yon-der, and stee-ple so high, Floats the  
 2. To their peal-ing so clear-ly their sol-emn ac-claim Ev-'ry  
 3. On a calm Sabbath morn-ing how grate-ful the sound! And how



chime of the bells as the night draws nigh: It ring-eth and ring-eth, and  
 heart, ev-'ry voice chants the Mas-ter's name! So tru-ly their tones ut-ter  
 ten-der the feel-ing of love pro-found! How lov-ing the call to the



you and I So lov-ing-ly list as the sound goes by; It  
 forth their praise, Our souls feel the meaning their voice con-veys! So  
 house of pray'r, That tells of the bless-ing a-wait-ing there! How



ring-eth and ring-eth, and you and I So lov-ing-ly list as the  
 tru-ly their tones ut-ter forth their praise, Our souls feel the mean-ing their  
 lov-ing the call to the house of pray'r, That tells of the bless-ing a-

## CHORUS.



sound goes by; We lov-ing-ly list as the sound goes by.  
 voice con-veys! Our souls feel the mean-ing their voice con-veys!  
 wait-ing there! That tells of the bless-ing a-wait-ing there!

## No. 67.

## EVENING SONG.

*Slow and softly.*

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Slow and softly.' The melody is written in a single line, with lyrics underneath. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The lyrics are: '1. Vil - lage bell, from stee - ple high, Sends its mes - sage far and nigh, When the morn brings work and care, And the soul lifts up its prayer.'


1. Vil - lage bell, from stee - ple high, Sends its  
mes - sage far and nigh, When the morn brings  
work and care, And the soul lifts up its prayer.

- 2 Now again I hear thee, bell,  
When thy notes the noon hour tell:  
"Take your rest, and comfort find,  
For the body and the mind."
- 3 When the evening hour comes near,  
Then thy welcome tones I hear:  
"Hie to supper, then to rest,  
When the birdlings seek their nest."
- 4 Faithful on each holy day  
Callest thou to sing and pray,  
And to hear what means our life,  
How to live through care and strife.
- 5 When at last the earth I leave  
Thy note soundeth o'er my grave,  
Waketh mourning in each breast,  
Bids me hope for future rest.
- 6 Dearest bell, thy note so clear,  
Bid'st me love thee far and near;  
Toll for me at sun's last ray;  
At the dawn of heavenly day.


## No. 68.

## LULLABY.


*Slow. p*



1. Now close your tir - ed eye - lids, dear, Ba - by,  
 2. The heav'ns are like the gloom - y sea, Ba - by,



lul - la - by. Night winds are moan - ing, cold and drear;  
 lul - la - by. Like tim - id birds swift cloud - lets flee;



Watch, an - gels keep, Sleep, dar - ling, sleep; Ba - by mine, lul - la - by.  
 Watch, an - gels bright, Thro' storm-y night; Ba - by mine, lul - la - by.

3 Safe slumber through the wild night's storm,  
 Baby, lullaby.

And sweetly dream of glorious morn,  
 Sunny and mild,  
 My darling child;  
 Baby mine, lullaby.

4 Come, nestle close to mother's cheek;  
 Baby, lullaby.  
 Through sorrow-laden midnight bleak,  
 I'll pray for thee  
 So fervently;  
 Baby mine, lullaby.

5 Thy mother ne'er will let thee fall;  
 Baby, lullaby.  
 Sleep softly till the nestlings call;  
 Angels so dear,  
 Come, hover near;  
 Baby mine, lullaby.

## No. 69.

## THE SUN AWAKES.

C. M. V. Weber.



1. The sun a - wakes . When fair day breaks; With  
splen - dor he fills vales and hills. O morn - ing air! O  
fra - grant, fair, O bliss - ful, O gold - en ray!

2 With merry song  
We walk along,  
Nor ask where the bright pathway trends;  
We move apace  
From place to place,  
A band of the truest friends.

3 O nature sweet,  
Thy trace we meet  
Wherever we go with delight;  
Near roaring main,  
In rocky glen,  
O'er fields, or on mountain height.

4 O nature kind,  
Thy path we find  
When walking, as friends, hand in hand;  
We'll follow thee  
With cheer and glee  
Till called to the better land.

## No. 70.

## THE BLUE SKY.

Fr. Abt.



1. Az - ure air, Sky so fair, Zeph - yrs mild and light, Blow a-way,  
 2. Fair-est night, Fo - liage bright, Is His roy - al hall; Song so sweet



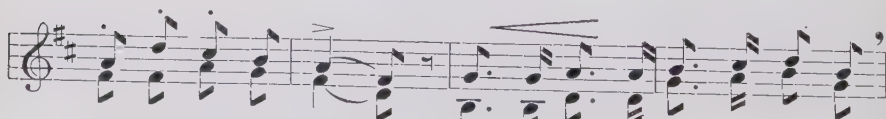
Blow all day, O - ver vale and height; Az - ure air,  
 Our ears greet, And de-light us all. Fair - est night,



Sky so fair, Zeph - yrs mild and light, Blow a-way, Blow all day,  
 Fo - liage bright, Is His roy al hall; Song so sweet. Our ears greet,



O - ver vale and height. Joy - ful - ly our pulse is beat - ing  
 And de - light us all. Thus do we now on - ward wan - der



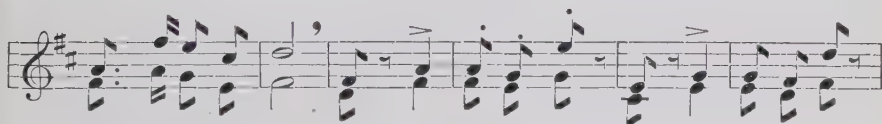
with the bird - ling's throng!  
 through this beau-teous world! Ming - ling, borne by zeph - yrs fleet - ing,  
 And with ad - mi - ra - tion pon - der,



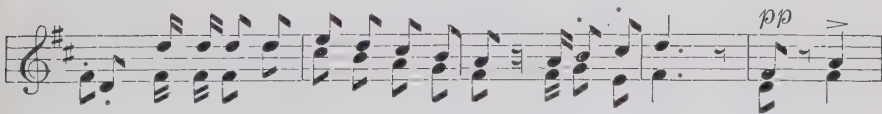
shep-herds flute their song. Joy-ful-ly our pulse is beat-ing  
gaz-ing heav-en ward; Thus do we now on-ward wan-der



with the bird-ling's throng, Ming-ling, borne by zeph-yrs fleet-ing,  
through this beau-teous world! And with ad-mi-ra-tion pon-der,



shep-herds flute their song. la la la la la la la la la la  
gaz-ing heav-en ward. la la la la la la la la la la



la la la la la la la la la la la la la la



la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

## No. 71.

## HAIL! THE MORNING.

Abt.

*p* *mf* *f*

1. Hail the morn - ing! Hail the morn - ing! Hail the morn -  
 2. Hail the morn - ing! Hail the morn - ing! Hail the morn -  
 3. Hail the morn - ing! Hail the morn - ing! Hail the morn -

*mf* *p*

ing! . . The fields Thou art bless - ing, My  
 ing! . . Ye val - leys and moun - tains, And  
 ing! . . In ra - di - ance beam - ing, Field,

*mf* *f*

heart in high rap - ture All beau - ties con - fess - ing, The  
 vil - lage and ci - ty, Seas, riv - ers, and foun - tains, Your  
 for - est all gold - en, In sum - mer's sun gleam - ing, With

*mf*

az - ure ad - dress - ing, Where stars are un - furled. Hail the  
 won - ders re - veal - ing, What - ev - er is made. Hail the  
 heav - 'nly mirth teem - ing, O morn - ing of rest! Hail the

*cres* *cen* *do.*

morn - ing! Hail the morn - ing? O beau - ti - ful God's own  
 morn - ing! Hail the morn - ing! The for - est's sweet cool - ing  
 morn - ing! Hail the morn - ing! The morn of all na - ture

*fz* *rall.*

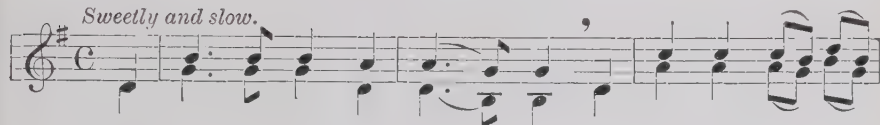
world,  
 shade,  
 blest,  
 Thou  
 The  
 The  
 beau - ti - ful  
 for - est's sweet  
 morn of all  
 God's own  
 cool - ing  
 na - ture  
 world.  
 shade.  
 blest.



## No. 72.

## THE CHAPEL.

W. Kilzer.

*Sweetly and slow.*

1. The an - cient chap - el yon - der On moun-tain clad with



snow— The sight makes me to pon - der, My



heart feels bliss and woe, My heart feels bliss and woe.

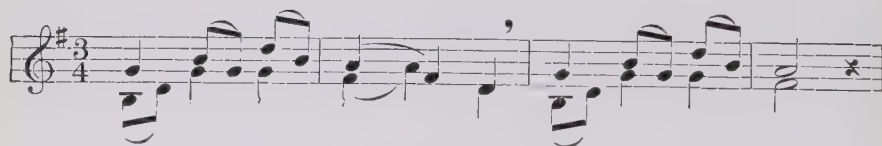
2 It looms alone, deserted,  
 A mark of by-gone days,  
 Its age to youth converted  
 ||: By morning's early rays. :||

3 When other bells are ringing,  
 In bracing morning air,  
 Then tolls, with measured swinging,  
 ||: A tiny bell up there. :||

4 Its soft, wierd note is trilling;  
 It sings of splendor lost;  
 Before its altar kneeling  
 ||: I see a pilgrim host. :||

## No. 73.

## WISDOM AND VIRTUE.



1. Wis - dom and Vir - tue, sing we thy praise



In fer - vent hymn - ing, As in by - gone



days; . . In fer - vent hymn - ing, As in by - gone days.

2 Duty our motto, duty and right;

||: Seeking out duty, we find truth and light.: ||

3 Man to make happy, God hath all taught:

||: Go do your duty, then you need fear naught.: ||

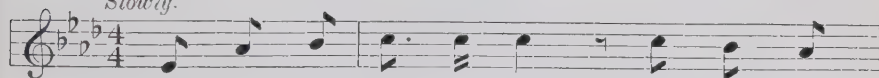
4 Give tears for error, say kindly word;

||: Honor and blessing be thy great reward.: ||

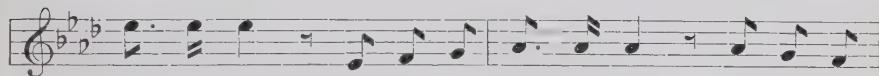
## No. 74.

## THE HEART.

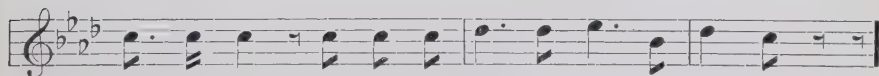
German Melody.

*Slowly.*

- |                   |                      |                   |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. What may       | the heart, then, be? | A change - ful    |
| 2. It oft         | a - loud to me       | Com - plain - eth |
| 3. When - ev - er | wrong I've done,     | My heart hath     |



mys - ter - y.	Oft all is still with - in,	Oft all is
bit - ter - ly;	E'en when I do not ask,	Its feel - ing
it be - gun.	You need not tell to me,	How bad the



strife and din;	Its woe's soon flee a - way,	not per - ish.
't will un-mask,	When on - ly throbbing hard	and beat - ing.
heart can be,	How false and fle - kle oft	its greet - ing.



What may there be	there - in?	Some liv - ing,
No ut - tered word	its need,	But speech more
But He who knows	its woe	And sees it



mov - ing thing,	Mov - ing and liv - ing,	Woe or joy giv - ing.
clear, in - deed,	Its tru - est greet - ing,	Its pas - sioned beat - ing.
err - ing so	Can calm its beat - ing;	Then true its greet - ing.

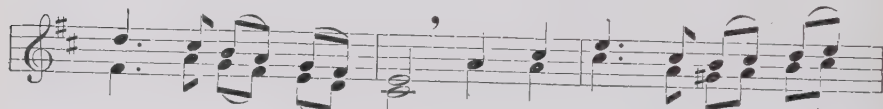
## No. 75.

## PRAISE OF FIDELITY.

Joseph Gersbach.

*Very moderate.*

1. Aye, a faith - ful friend poss - ess ing, Is a  
 2. Though dame For - tune may not fa - vor Ev - 'ry  
 3. In his heart is my re - li - ance, In his



- treas - ure with - out price, For it is the rar - est  
 wish, or hope or plan, Toil - ing on, I'll nev - er  
 hon - es - ty, re - pose; Toward his good, with full com -



- bless - ing, Such a friend, so true, and wise.  
 wav - er, For my friend's a true, true man.  
 pli - ance All my soul's best feel - ing flows.

## CHORUS.



- I am blest, although friends part, If I know one faith - ful heart.

- 4 Favor veers by change of fortune;  
 Goid and honors turn to dust;  
 Beauty fades and leaves no mem'ry  
 Like the faithful friend we trust.

## CHORUS.

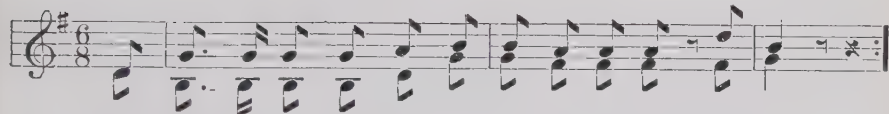
- 5 Friendship true is true forever,  
 And the absent one will own  
 For no space true spirits sever,  
 In misfortune love is shown.

## CHORUS.

## No. 76.

## THREE HORSEMEN.

G. Noack.



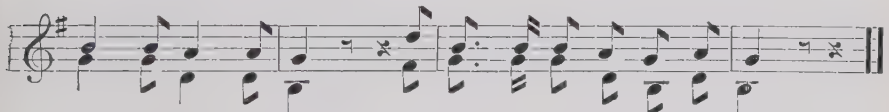
1. { Three horse - men rode forth thro' the wide ci - ty gate; good bye! }  
 { Fair watch - ers a - wait - ed them, ear - ly and late; good bye! }



Ah! tell me who can where the horse-men were seen, Who



rode forth so bold - ly, de - fi - ant of mien. Good



bye, good bye, good bye! Such part - ing will ev - er bring sigh.

- 2 They swiftly rode on to the far northern land; good bye!

Where ocean wild roareth on stormiest strand; good bye!

They then for their people, in bitterest fight,

Rushed down on their tyrants, three giants in might.

Good bye, good bye, good bye!

Such parting will ever bring sigh.

- 3 And where the fight rises, like tide at the flood; good bye!

There joyful, they heed not their wounds and the blood; good bye!

Their eyes glancing homeward from battle-stained strand,

They die for their country, their dear fatherland.

Good bye, good bye, good bye!

Such parting will bring deepest sigh.

## No. 77.

## THE WARRIOR'S CLOAK.



1. Full thir - ty years have passed a - way With thee, my cloak so
2. On win - ter nights when storm winds blew And keen the frost - y
3. When oth - ers false, un - faith - ful, fled, Un - faith - ful nev - er



dear, Be - neath thy good shel - ter, on night or day, When can - non have  
 air, And when o'er the heavens the black clouds flew, When grief for the  
 thou. Tho' thread-bare thy folds, and thy col - or shed Thou shield thro' the



called us to dead - ly fray. We nev - er have known a - ny fear.  
 ab - sent my day - dreams knew, Then thou wert my conso - ler there.  
 day, thro' the night my bed. Thy scars re - main thy glo - ry now.

- 4 Though men may laugh thy wounds to scorn,  
 Still dearer wilt thou be,  
 The fierce winds may toy with each flying shred  
 Thy rents may grow wide by the fatal lead,  
 Thou never wilt be changed to me.

- 5 What if the fatal bullet fly  
 And seek my soldier's heart?  
 In thy tattered folds I would peaceful lie,  
 While grimly the battle is passing by,  
 And red-winged carnage shall depart.

- 6 When ev'ry duty has been done,  
 And foes defeated all,  
 When peace with its blessings is fully won,  
 And hope smiles again, though my race be run,  
 In thine embrace I'll wait my call.

## No. 78.

## THE WHITE STAG.

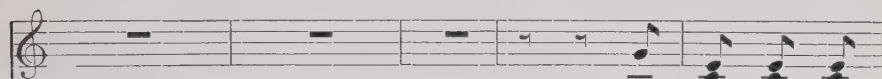
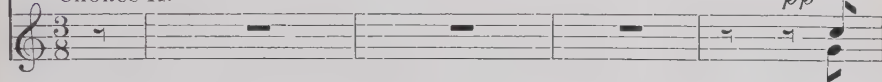
DOUBLE CHORUS.

CHORUS I.

*Quickly.**mf*

Three hun - ters went forth and much did they brag, Tah -

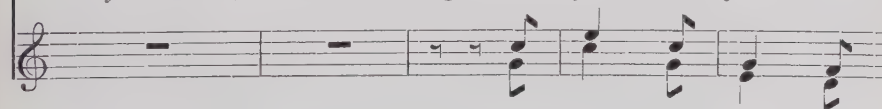
CHORUS II.



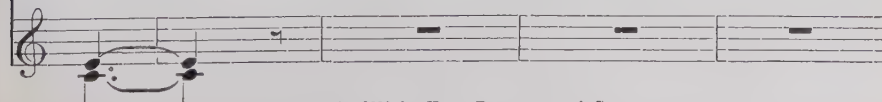
yoh! Tah - yoh! Tah - yoh! They sure - ly would



slay the old, old white stag. Tah - yoh! Tah - yoh! Tah -



yoh! To rest they lay down neath a pine tree



tall, Tah yoh! Tah yoh! Tah - yoh, A

cu - ri - ous dream, they, the three men, had all, Tah - yoh! Tah-

1st HUNTER. (*Two voices.*)

yoh! Tah - yoh! . . . I dreamt, my friends, I

knocked on a bush, Tah - yoh! Tah - yoh! Tah - yoh!



And out of it came the stag, hush! hush! Tah - yoh! Tah -

SECOND HUNTER. (*Two voices.*)

yoh! Tah - yoh! And when he came, 'mid the dogs wild, wild

bark, his white shin - ing coat was my fa - tal mark, And

HUNTER. (*Two voices.*)

when there the stag on the ground I saw, I gave him a

## 1st. CHORUS.

mer - ry, Tra - rah! Tra - rah! . . . . Tra - rah! . . . .

Tra - rah . . . . . Tra -  
2D CHORUS.

Tra - rah! Tra - rah! Tra - rah!

(ONE VOICE.)  
(speaking slowly)

Tra - rah! Tra - rah! And while they thus  
. . rah! Tra - rah! Tra - rah!

TWO VOICES.  
Quickly.

lay and spoke all the three, Out rushed the old stag ere

1st CHORUS a little slower.

they could see, And when they had open - ed their eyes a -

right, The stag had sped on - ward, o'er val - ley and height, And  
Cho. II. *f*

when they had o - pened their eyes a - right, The stag had sped

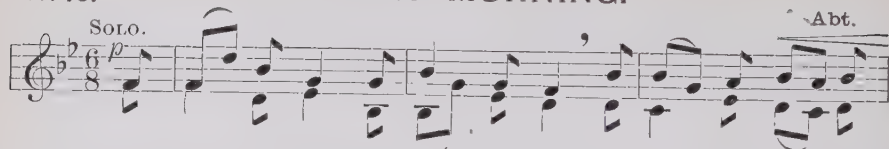
on - ward, o'er val - ley and Tra - rah! - tra rah! tra -

rah! . . . . tra - rah! tra - rah! tra - rah!  
. . . . Tra - rah! . . . .

## No. 79.

## SUNDAY MORNING.

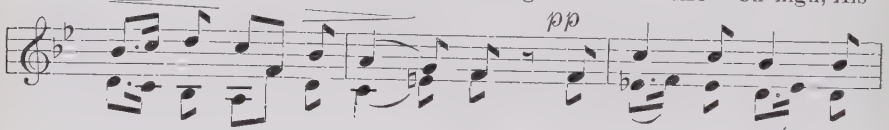
Abt.



1. A ho - ly peace, on wood and field, A se - cret pow'r all  
 2. From ev - 'ry place which I can see, The Sun - day bells are  
 3. The trees reach out their arms to sky And list to sweet bells



mould - ing To which all na - ture seems to yield. Its  
 ring - ing, And ev - 'ry flow'r and ev - 'ry tree Their  
 toll - ing, The flow - ers greet His life on high, His



might - y hand all hold - ing. A whis - p'ring goes so  
 prais - es true are sing - ing. A heav'n - ly calm fills  
 glo - rious might ex - toll - ing. And thro' the vale, and

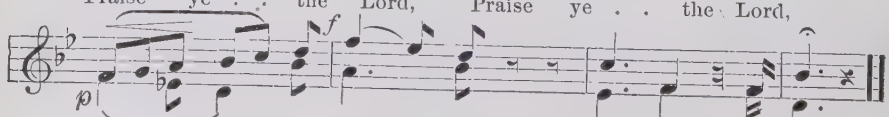


sweet and low 'Mong all the flow'rs that round us grow.  
 all the air And ev - 'ry sup - pliant soul with prayer.  
 field and grove They praise the Lord with fer - vent love.

## CHORUS.



Praise ye . . . the Lord, Praise ye . . . the Lord,



Praise . . . ye, Praise ye, Praise ye the Lord

## No. 80.

## THE LORD'S DAY.

Mendelssohn.

*Andante sostenuto.**p cres.*

1. This is the Lord's great day, This is the Lord's great

*p*  
This is the Lord's great*f p*  
day; I stand a - lone . . . on this high knoll, A sim - ple*f p*  
day; I stand a - lone on this high knoll, A sim - ple*cres.*  
morn - ing bell doth toll. Now si - - lence far and*cres.*  
morn - ing bell doth toll. Now si - - lence far and*dim.*  
near, Now si - - lence far and near.*dim.*  
near, Now si - - lence far and near.

*p* *p* *cres.*

2. A - dor - ing, kneel I here, A - dor - ing, kneel I

A - dor - ing, kneel I

*f* *p* *pp*

here, as though a throng . . were kneel-ing here and join'd me

here, as though a throng were kneel - - ing here and joined me

*cres.*

in my morn - ing prayer, And join - ed me in my

in my morn - ing prayer, . And joined me in my

*dim.*

prayer, And joined me in my prayer.

prayer, And joined . . me in my prayer.

*p* *cres.*

3. The sky . . of fair - est blue, The sky . . of fair - est

The sky . . of fair - est

*f* *p* *pp*

blue, so still and sol - emn, near and far, Is like the

blue, so still and sol - emn, near and far,

*cres.*

hea - ven's gates a - jar.

This . . . is the Lord's great

*f* *p*

This . . . . . is the Lord's great day.

day, This is the Lord's, is the Lord's great day.

## No. 81.

## O LORD, OUR GOD.



1. O Lord, our God! Help, lest Thy peo - ple  
 2. We have not one Whom we may safe a -  
 3. God, Thou art He, With might - y pow'r to



wa - ver; Be they in sore dis - tress and great en -  
 bide in. And vain - ly we all hu - man aid con -  
 slay them; To Thee our small and hope - less band is



deav - or, All night and day, on Thee, O Lord, re -  
 fide in; By Thee we stand and by Thy sign we  
 fly - ing; In Thee we trust, on Je - sus' name re -

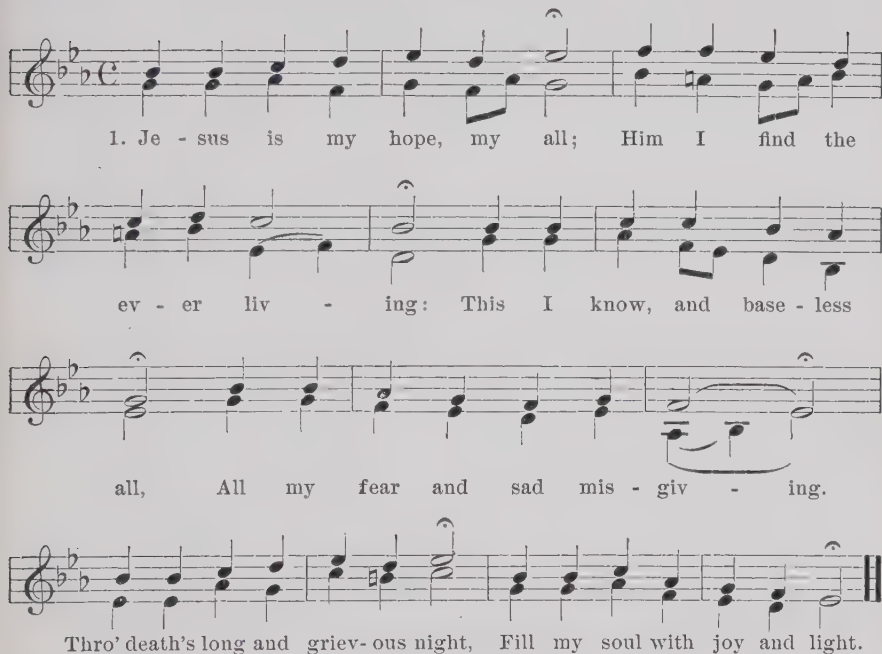


ly - ing, And to Thee cry - ing.  
 con - quer. Foes de - feat in - cur.  
 ly - ing: Help, save us. A - - men.



No. 82.

## JESUS IS MY HOPE, MY ALL.



1. Je - sus is my hope, my all; Him I find the  
 ev - er liv - ing: This I know, and base - less  
 all, All my fear and sad mis - giv - ing.  
 Thro' death's long and griev-ous night, Fill my soul with joy and light.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;  
 Him to see will then be granted  
 When, through Him who sin forgives,  
 On that shore my feet are planted:  
 Why then should I grieve and fear  
 When He is forever near?

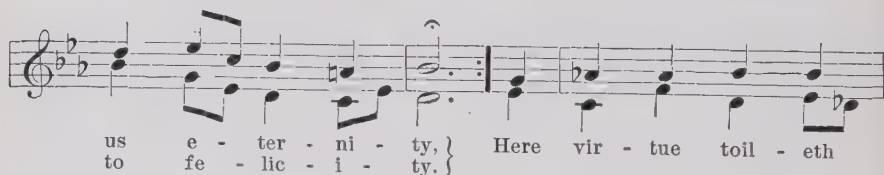
3 Through my hope's enduring band  
 Am I close to Him connected;  
 May my faith undaunted stand.  
 In my heart this thought reflected:  
 That, in death's dread hour and care,  
 He is with me everywhere.

# HOW SHORT HERE ARE OUR DAYS OF TRIAL.

No. 83.



1. { How short here are our days of tri - al, Then waits for  
Where griefs most bit - ter cup and vi - al Are changed in -



us e - ter - ni - ty, } Here vir - tue toil - eth  
to fe - lic - i - ty. }



slow and hard; The fu - ture world be - stows re - ward.

- 2 Here rest I seek, but there I find it;  
There shall I, holy, sanctified,  
The work of virtue know and mind it,  
With contrite heart, Thee glorified.  
The God of love, Him shall I see,  
Him love and ever with Him be.
- 3 There shall I in the light be beaming,  
To whom on earth seemed darkness all;  
Wondrous and holy there be naming  
What here was all inscrutable.  
There sees my soul, with praise and songs,  
The Lord to whom all praise belongs.
- 4 What are the woes of this earth's being,  
Compared with Heaven's magnificence,  
Which we, redeemed of God, are seeing  
In all its true significance?  
What is, compared with such delight,  
A day of hardships, care, and fight?

# "WAKEN YE," THE VOICE IS CALLING.

No. 84.

Pratorius.



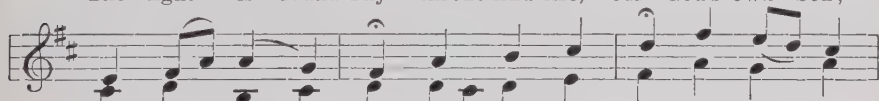
1. { "Wak-en ye," the voice is call - ing, The Son of God Al - might-y's  
 "Wak-en ye," O sin-ner par-doned, And all God's chil-dren, here as -  
 2. { Earth and sea, and rocks do trem - ble; The pi - ous na - tions now as -  
 Comes the Sav-iour, crown'd with glo - ry, So strong in truth, in mer - cy



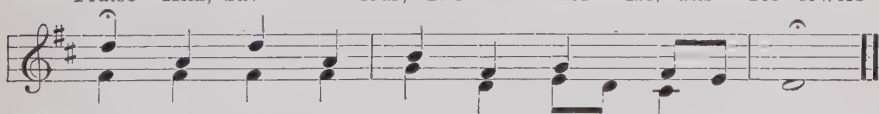
call - ing; A - rise, ye dead, for - sake your tomb.  
 sem - bled, The world's great Lord now calls ye home.  
 sem - ble; To new - est life they now a - rise.  
 might - y, Their light grows clear, their star will rise.



The grave's death night is o'er, A - wake! 't is now no more!  
 The light is round Thy throne And life, our God's own Son;



Hal - le - lu - jah! Be read - y ye, E - ter - ni -  
 Praise Him, Sav - iour, The Au - thor He, His fol - lowers



ty, His day, His glo - rious day is here.  
 we, To His great Fa - ther's glo - rious throne.

- 3 Sing Him praises everlasting,  
 To life eternal penetrating;  
 To holiness, the just reward,  
 On us, Christ full joy is shedding;  
 On Him we'll look, His face unveiling,  
 Him as our Friend, God's Son, our Lord.  
 Nor eye such form hath found,  
 Nor ear hath heard the sound.

Oh, the luster!

Eternally,

Eternally,

Be thanks, and praise, and honor done.

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No. 86.

## MY SOUL'S TRUE FRIEND.

J. A. Hiller, 1789.



{ My soul's true friend, what bliss, what pleas - ure, When I shall rest in  
All sad - ness wanes, thy love's my treas - ure; I'll hast - en to en -



Thine em-brace. }  
joy Thy grace. } Then must the gloom of mourning van - ish; When



we our grief and trou-ble ban - ish And love e'er beam-eth



from Thy breast, There is a heav'n far more than earth . .



dear; Who still would live in joy and mirth . .



here, That seeks in Thee, that longed for rest.

## No. 87. O GOD, OUR STEADFAST LORD.



1. O God, our stead-fast Lord, Thou giv - er of all grac -
2. Grant me to do with zeal What me to do be - hoov -
3. As in this world's brief stay My life - span run - neth high -



es, That dost all boons af - ford, Whose kind - ness all a -  
eth, And what my Mas - ter's will In my vo - ca - tion  
er, Through all the wea - ry way, And age draws ev - er



maz - es, Give me a bod - y  
mov - eth; Grant I may do it  
nigh - er, Grant pa - tience; may dis -



sound, That there - in ev - er may A  
when Thy will de - clares the need, And,  
grace And sin Thy guid - ance spare; Let



spot - less soul be found, A con - science guilt - less stay.  
If I do it then, That well it may suc - ceed.  
me with hon - est grace, Time's hoar - y hon - ors wear.

## No. 88. I COME BEFORE THY GLORIOUS EYE.



I come be - fore Thy glo - rious eye; Hear Thou, O Lord, my



anx - ious cry. Oh, cleanse my life of



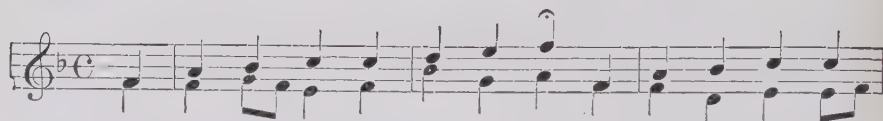
sin - ful ways, Thou God of pa - tience and of grace.

2 Give me a heart pure from above,  
A heart of holy fear and love,  
A heart of humble thanks and praise,  
A tranquil heart through all my days.

3 If Thou may'st lengthen out my life,  
Protect me still from sin and strife;  
My guardian God, my trust always,  
Desert me not in life's last days.

## I AM, O LORD, IN THINE OWN HAND.

No. 89.



1. { I am, O Lord, in Thine own hand, My life was giv'n at  
Thou hast my days e'en num-ber'd all, Thou know'st when from this



Thy com-mand, Thou keep-er, as the giv-er.  
earth-ly thrall, Thy nod will me de-liv-er.



When, how, and where I am to die,— All



this Thou know'st, my God on High.

2 Whom have I, Lord, but Thee alone?  
Who then, when in the throes I groan,  
Can help and solace bring me?  
And who my soul will succor then  
When help no longer comes from men,  
And I with death must wrestle?  
And me, despairing, woe beset,  
Wilt Thou, my Saviour, me forget?

3 No, no, to Thee entrusted be  
My soul, which has its share in Thee,  
My life Thou art in dying.  
Thus do I conquer fear and woe,  
While Hell and Death around me go,  
And in their strifes are vying.  
While I'm alive, I still am Thine,  
And e'en in death, Thou wilt be mine.

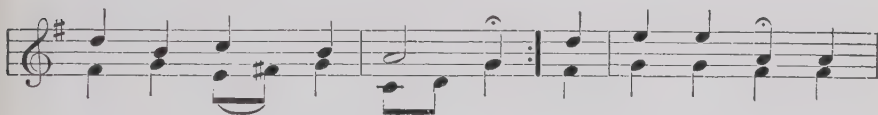


## WHAT GOD PERFORMS IS EVER WELL.

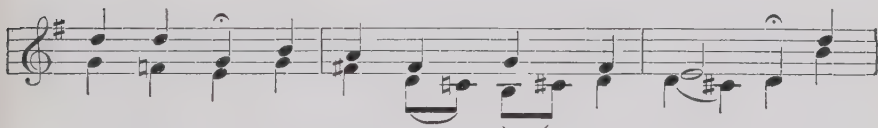
No. 90.



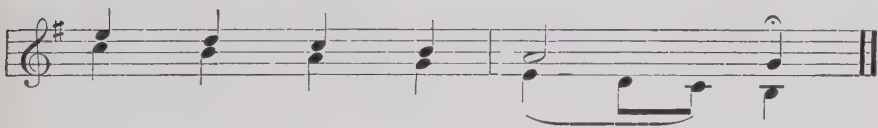
1. { What God per - forms is ev - er well, And  
He do - eth all His work each day, And



wis - dom all His will - ing, } Him, God, will bless, Who  
I, my task ful - fill - ing, }



in dis - tress, With wis - est care me shield - eth, He,



Who all wise - ly wield - - eth.

2 What God performs is ever well;  
He is my light and living,  
He guards me safe from ev'ry ill,  
My life and comfort giving.  
In weal or woe,  
The end will show,  
When it to all appeareth  
How faithfully He careth.

3 What God performs is ever well;  
This thought to me remaineth,  
That when my lot is sore and fell,  
And woe my soul restraineth,  
Then God will be,  
So faithfully,  
From ev'ry danger shielding,  
Me strength forever yielding.

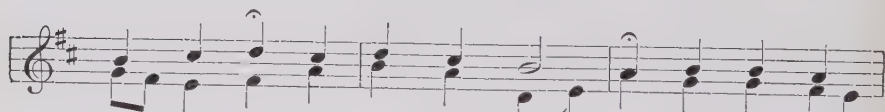
## No. 91. A MIGHTY Fortress IS OUR LORD.



1. { A migh - ty for - tress is our Lord, A trust - y shield and  
A will - ing help - er free to ward, And true, when e - vil
2. { With our own strength we naught can do; Our val - or quick - ly  
Un - less fit man our cause pur - sue; Whom God there - for or -



weap - on, } The old, wick - ed fiend, With ear -  
hap - pen. }  
wan - eth, } Knows't thou whose this fame? Christ Je -  
dain - eth. }



nest bad mien, Great pow'r, wiles at - tent Are his dread  
sus, His name, The Lord of Sa - ba - oth; No oth - er



ar - ma - ment; On earth there is none like . . him.  
God, in troth, The field He wins, re - tain - eth.

- 3 And were the world with devils filled,  
Intending to devour us,  
All fear and terror would be stilled,  
They could not overpower us.  
The world's prince may lower,  
With mien dark and sour;  
His doomed might will fail,  
His wiles will not avail,  
A Little Word can fells him.

- 4 That Word against the foes shall stand,  
And naught to them the merit,  
For God escape for us hath planned,  
With His own Gift and Spirit.  
Then take they the life,  
Gold, fame, child and wife—  
When these all are gone,  
Naught have they, cruel, won:  
His reign remains enduring.

## No. 92. HELP US, LORD, IN ALL OUR LIVING.

1. { Help us, Lord, in all our liv - ing; Thus in ev - 'ry  
Well be - gin - ning, well a - chiev - ing, We Thy grace must  
trust and task, } For with - out Thy bless - ed hand,  
ev - er ask,  
All is lost, both town and land, All our way Thy  
bless - ing need - eth, With whose aid our work suc - ceedeth.

2 Help us, Lord, in times auspicious,  
Make us frugal, make us wise,  
That we view all men, suspicious,  
When the world to lure us tries.  
Teach us, Lord, to bear success,  
Free from pride and haughtiness;  
All our way Thy blessing needeth,  
With whose aid our work succeedeth.

3 Help us, Lord, whene'er we suffer,  
Help us in the hour of death,  
Till our souls to Thee we offer,  
New life gaining through our faith;  
Fill life's end with Thine own Word,  
Stay Thou with us, gracious Lord;  
Then with joyous beaming faces  
We will sing Thee thanks and praises.

No. 93.      **THUS WE'RE CLOSING, LORD.**

J. Hayden, by Noack.



Thus we're clos - ing, Lord, our Fa - ther, Once a -



gain our dai - ly work; Now a - way from where we gath - er,



To our hap - py homes we walk, And to - mor - row, bright and



joy - ous, An - swer to the bell's clear call. Till the



mor - row Thou wilt guard us; And no harm shall us be - fall.

## No. 94.

## CHRISTMAS SONG.

Noack.



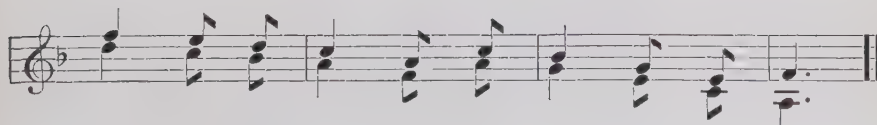
1. Come, chil - dren, with voi - ces in har - mo - ny,
2. His cra - dle a man - ger, His man - sion a
3. He lay in that man - ger, em - bed - ded in
4. Bend, bend like the shep - herds; a - dor - ing they



all, And sing by the cra - dle, dear Beth - le - hem's  
 stall, His Mis - sion of Mer - cy, to die for us  
 straw, In - spir - ing his par - ents with joy and with  
 kneel, And wor - ship the Sav - iour the star did re -



stall. Here tell what a joy, what a pre - cious de - light Our  
 all— Ad - mire e'en the rai - ment en - fold - ing his form; Such  
 awe; And shep - herds a - dore Him, from far dis - tant plain, And  
 veal. Bring, bring your heart's trea - ures, your la - bor, your song, A



fa - ther hath sent in this most hal - lowed night.  
 eyes of soft beau - ty no an - gels a - dorn.  
 an - gels sa - lute Him in lof - ti - est strain.  
 free, pure ob - la - tion, through all your life long.

## No. 95. NOW SHADY NIGHT DESCENDETH.



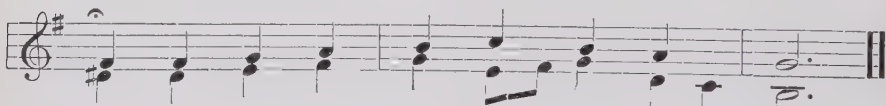
Now sha - dy night de - scend - eth, And whole - some slumber



lend - eth; The world is all at ease. But thou, my



soul, a - rouse thee, A thank - ful song es - pouse



thee, That thy Cre - a - tor well may please.

2 Where did the sun then vanish?  
Dark night his light did banish,  
Black night, the day's old foe;  
Behold! another sunrise,  
My Jesus, God's own Son, wise,  
His light into my heart doth glow.

3 The head, the feet, the hands shall  
Rejoice that happy end all  
Their labors now will know.  
Rejoice, O heart, and free thee,  
Whate'er the world decree thee,  
From sin and every other woe.

4 Seek rest now, weary members,  
Lie down in healing slumbers,  
The couch you now may crave.  
The hour and day now neareth,  
When God for you prepareth  
A couch within the cool, cool grave.

## No. 96.

## I LOVE MY NATIVE LAND.

Nageli.

SOLO.



1. Be - fore all lands in east and west, I love my na - tive  
 2. Be - fore all tongues in east and west, I love my na - tive  
 3. Be - fore all peo - ple, east and west, I love my coun - try's  
 4. To all the world I give my hand; My heart to thee, my



land the best; With God's best gifts 't is deem - ing; For  
 tongue the best; Though not so smooth - ly spo - ken, Though  
 men the best, — A race of no - ble spir - it; — A  
 na - tive land; I seek thy good and glo - ry: I

CHORUS.



peace and plen - ty here are found, And men of no - ble  
 wo - ven not with choic - est art, Yet when it speaks from  
 so - ber mind, a gen - 'rous heart, To vir - tue trained, yet  
 hon - or ev - 'ry na - tion's name, Respect their for - tune



soul a - bound, And eyes of joy are gleam - ing.  
 heart to heart, The word is nev - er bro - ken.  
 free from art, They from their sires in - her - it.  
 and their fame, But love thee, land that bore me.

## No. 97.

## PATRIOTIC MARCH.

*Happy and marked.*

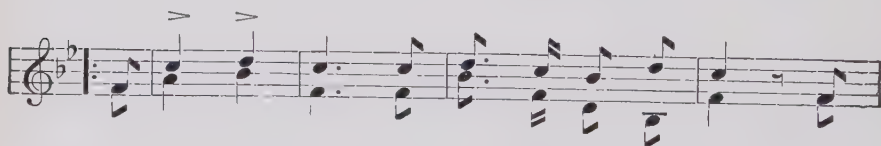
Methfesse!



1. Come, march to the field now, ye brave and gal-lant
2. In true friend-ship bound, thus in each we put our
3. Three cheers for our cap-tain, our bold and trust-y



throng, Your voi-ces in har-mo-ny raise the war-like song.  
 trust, Tho' dan-ger wait 'round, and tho' oth-er men dis-trust.  
 guide, Him will-ing we fol-low, and with Him will a-bide.



For free-dom's breath per-vades th'in-spir-ing air, And  
 A pure, free thought shall ev-'ry heart in-spire, And  
 He safe-ly leads, to con-quer ev-'ry foe, And



glo-ry, joy and vic-t'ry a-waits you there.  
 to the same high goal we will all as-pire.  
 when the war is done, home-ward we will go.



## No. 98.

## TO ARMS.

*In marching style.*

1. To Arms! to Arms! du - ty call - eth For our  
 2. Fair hon - or is free - dom's ban - ner, And the  
 3. Sweet free - dom dwells in Co - lum - bia And her



homes and fa - ther - land! The foe, the foe is  
 right is our de - vice, And though by foe de -  
 sons are brave and true. Peace loves each hill and



com - ing! Hear the dread - ful can - nons boom - ing! Then come  
 feat - ed, To the right is vic - t'ry meet - ed. Then come  
 val - ley Till as - sail - ing foe - men ral - ly. Then come



forth, march we on! Face to foe, ev - 'ry one! With - out



fright the foe - men fight, And pur - sue from shores so bright. They



fly! their ranks are bro - ken! No more their boasts are spo - ken.

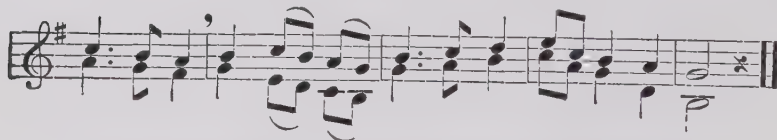
## MY COUNTRY.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweetland of lib-er-ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the



pilgrim's pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.

2 My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## OUR OWN FREE LAND.

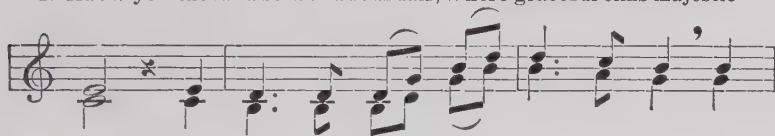
L. Washter.

SOLO.

Laur.



1. Know ye the land so wond'rous fair, Where graceful elms majestic



wreath? The land where, in the az - ure air, Grow

CHORUS.



lus-cious fruits in wood and heath? That bless - ed land is



our own land, Is our, is our be-lov-ed fa - ther - land.

2 Know you that land where all are free

And equal rights protect each man,

From east to west and sea to sea,

And on free speech there is no ban?

CHO. That blessed, etc.

3 Know ye the land where every mile

A schoolhouse doth on children smile,

And churches do all men invite

To worship God and praise His might?

CHO. That blessed, etc.

4 We hail thee, land, so strong and grand,

Before all others on the earth;

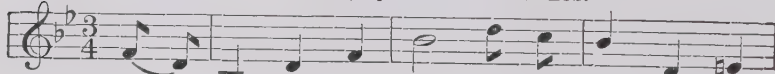
Where kings can have no will or sway,

And every soul is free, from birth.

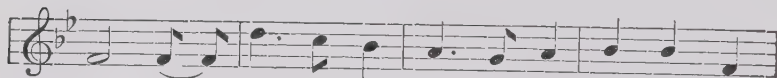
CHO. That blessed, etc.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

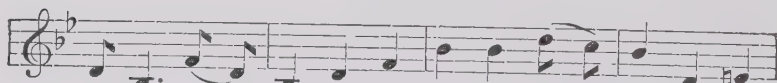
With an additional verse (5th) by Dr. O. W. Holmes.



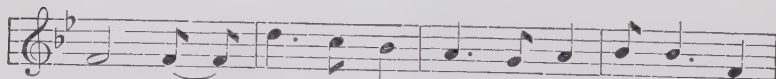
1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly
2. On shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly



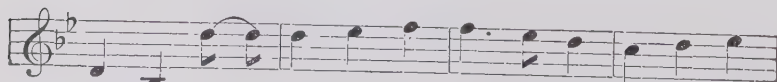
light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last  
 deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re -  
 swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con -



gleam-ing, Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous  
 pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing  
 fu - sion, A home and a coun-try they'd leave us no



fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly  
 steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis -  
 more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-step's po -

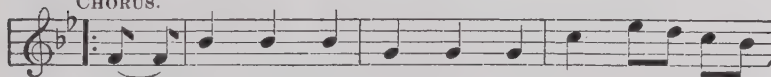


stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in  
 clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first  
 lu - tion; No ref - uge could save the hire-ling and

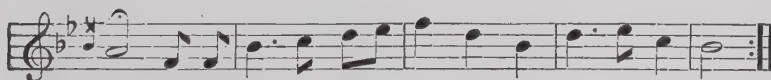


air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!  
 beam, In full glo - ry re - flect-ed, now shines in the stream.  
 slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

## CHORUS.



1. O say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet  
 2. 'T is the star-span-gled ban-ner, oh! long may it  
 3. And the star-span-gled ban-ner, in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

4 Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land,

Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"

Cho. And the star-spangled, etc.

5 When our land is illum'd with liberty's smile,

If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,

Down, down with the traitor, that dares to defile

The flag of her stars and the page of her story!

By the millions unchain'd who our birth-right have gain'd,

We will keep her bright blazon forever unstain'd!

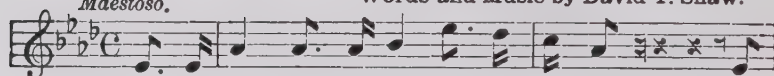
Cho. And the star-spangled, etc.

## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,

or, The Red, White, and Blue.

*Maestoso.*

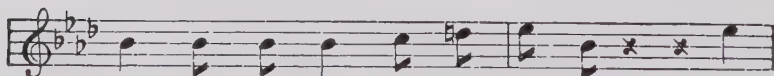
Words and Music by David T. Shaw.



1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean,      The  
 2. When the war winged its wide des - o - la - tion,      And  
 3. Now the bright star - ry ban - ner bring hith-er,      Tho'



home of the brave and the free,      The  
 threat-ened the land to de - form,      The  
 storm-cloud be nev - er so grim,      May the



shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,      A  
 ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion,      Co -  
 wreaths it has won nev - er with - er,      Nor the



world of - fers hom - age to thee.      Thy  
 lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm;      With  
 stars of its glo - ry grow dim!      May the



man - dates mak he - roes as - sem - ble,      When  
 gar - lands of vic - to - ry round her,      So  
 ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er,      But



Lib - er - ty's form stands in view,      Thy  
 proud - ly she bore her brave crew,      With her  
 each to his col - ors prove true!      The

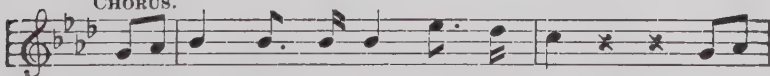


ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble,                      When  
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, —                      The  
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er,                      Three

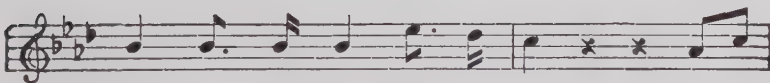


borne by the red, white, and blue.  
 beau - ti - ful red, white, and blue.  
 cheers for the red, white, and blue.

## CHORUS.



When borne by the red, white, and blue.                      When



borne by the red, white, and blue,                      Thy



ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble,                      When



borne by the red, white and blue.

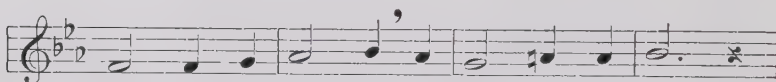
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## AMERICAN HYMN.

M. Keller.



1. Speed our Re - pub - lie, O Fa - ther on high!



Lead us in path - ways of jus - tice and right;



Ru - lers as well as the ruled, one and all,



Girt Thou with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!



Hail, three times hail . to our coun - try and flag!

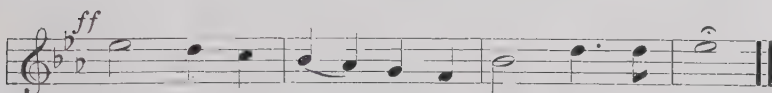


Ru - lers, as well as the ruled, one and all,





Girt Thou with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!



Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

- 2 Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand,  
 We rush to arms when aroused by its call;  
 Still as of yore, when GEORGE WASHINGTON led,  
 Thunders our war cry: we conquer or fall!  
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Still as of yore, when GEORGE WASHINGTON led,  
 Thunders our war cry: we conquer or fall!  
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

- Faithful and honest to friend and to foe,  
 Willing to die in humanity's cause;  
 Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,  
 While we contend for our Union and laws!  
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,  
 While we contend for our Union and laws!  
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

- 4 Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds!  
 Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!  
 Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—  
 Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!  
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
 Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—  
 Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!  
 Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

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## OUR NATIVE LAND.

Or in B-flat.

G. Chr. Ansbach.

*Majestically.*

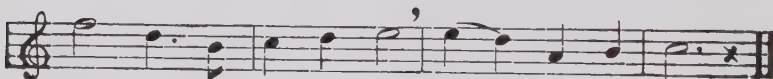
1. Hail thee, my na - tive land, Thrice hail! whose



God did send Homes to the free! In all Thy



bound - less world Thy glo - ry shall be told;



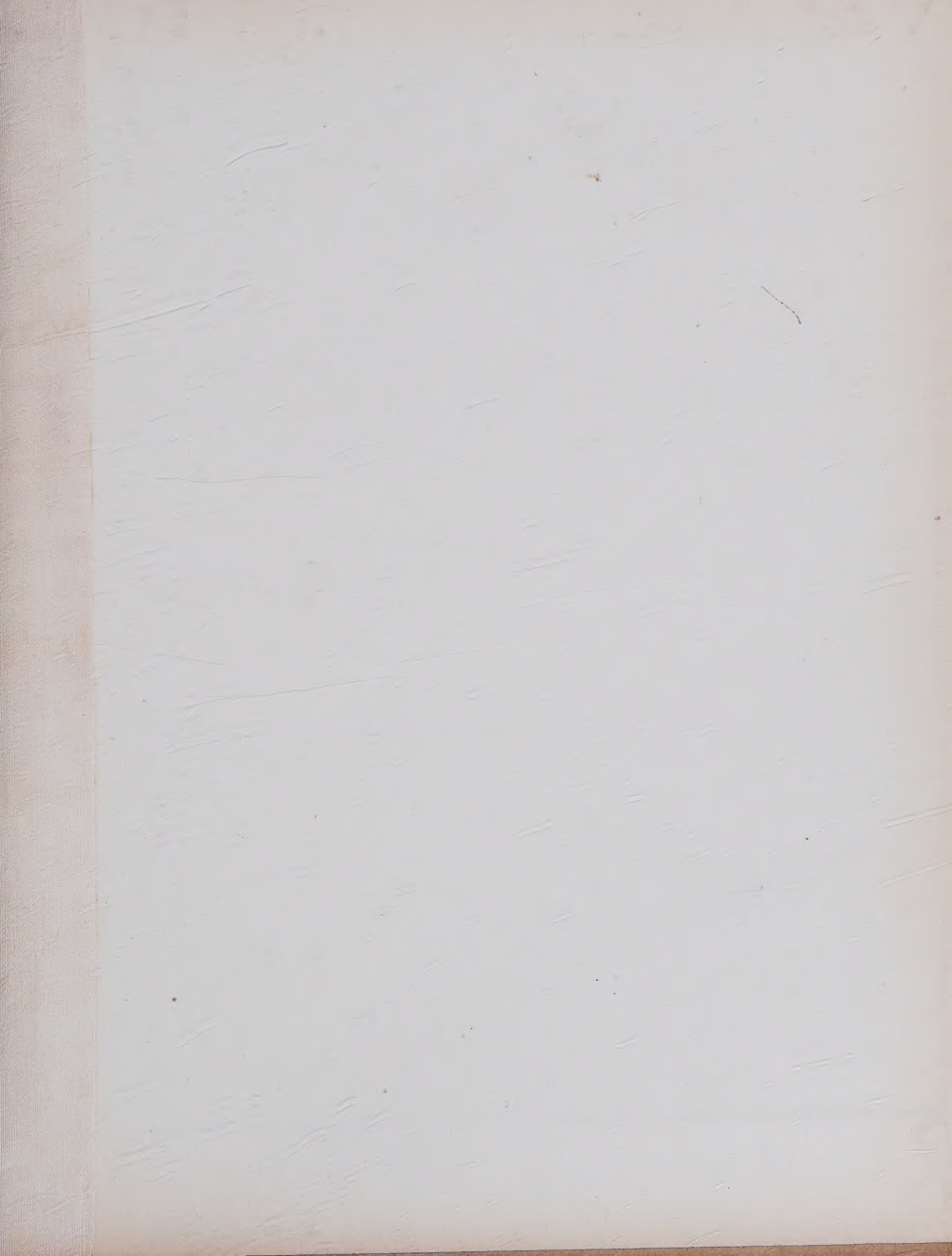
Land of the free and bold Thou gav'st to me.

2 O God, with father's care,  
 Protect a land so rare,  
 Thou boundless shield!  
 Thou did'st this land adorn,  
 That freemen might be born,  
 And cruel tyrants scorn,  
 And despots yield.

3 Stay, freedom, and behold  
 Land of the free, not old,  
 Columbia's land.  
 See, where our fathers fought!  
 See, where our foes were taught  
 What freemen brave have wrought—  
 Thy favored land.









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